

The American Girl

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December
1941

 For All Girls
published by
The Girl Scouts

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Merry
Christmas



"My Mom's a Modern!"...

MY MOM knows the answers...and tells 'em to me! She's a good sport...that's what makes it so swell!

For instance, a fancy new hair-do wouldn't stop her from taking a quick trip on a toboggan with the crowd. And she can skate circles and figure-eights around me any winter day!

When the big holiday doings come up, Mom spends hours helping me pull myself together...fixing me up from nails to nylons so I can't help but click.

She taught me the trick of never missing any fun that's coming my way, too—even on those trying days of the month.

You see, Mom took me in hand early...told me about Kotex sanitary napkins. How Kotex is *more* comfortable because it's *less bulky*... *less* apt to rub and chafe.

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Send for the new free booklet "As One Girl To Another". It gives a girl the answers to her intimate questions...tells what to expect...what to do and not to do...on "difficult days". Send your name and address (a penny postcard will do) to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. AG-12, Chicago, Ill., and your copy will be sent postpaid and **FREE!**



She doesn't just dish things out in headlines!

Mom likes me to really understand...and that's important!

It was Mom who put me wise to the fact that Kotex has a moisture-resistant "safety shield" and flat, pressed ends (they mean a lot to a girl's confidence in these days of bias-cut clothes). I always know my secret is safe with Kotex—that Kotex won't fail me!

Of course, the idea of making Kotex in 3 different sizes—Junior, Regular, and Super—is swell. To me they're just like play-suits, date dresses and formals: each one suits a different day's needs—perfectly.

But I was talking about Mom. She's a modern like me...isn't she a peach?

**Be confident...comfortable...carefree
—with Kotex*!**



THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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(For biographical note turn to page 52)

Courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES XLIV.

MOTHER AND CHILD *Painted by* GARI MELCHERS

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

DECEMBER • 1941

KATTI'S GALÁPAGOS CHRISTMAS



SHOO! Go away! If you don't leave me alone, I'll never finish this in time for Christmas."

Katarina Maria Eklund—Katti for short—spoke sternly, but she had to laugh, crinkling up her blue eyes, at the yellow bird which pestered her. It still seemed strange to her that the birds on the Galápagos Islands were so tame they would fly right up and try to take the hair from her head to use in making their nests. Usually she encouraged them, but this one was really too bold.

Katti had hidden herself away in a small clearing amid the bent, misshapen trees of the island to work on Mama's Christmas present. But as she crocheted the doily, the white string from which it was made twitched back and forth and attracted the birds. No sooner did she settle down to work than scarlet flycatchers and little yellow canaries flew down to catch at the moving string with their beaks.

Katti leaned back against the tree trunk and let the tropical sun beat over her face. A shaft of it lighted up the pale gold hair which blew about her head; it deepened the blue of her eyes as she gazed out over the island, across the blue bay to the sea.

This was Katti's favorite spot, secluded and quiet except for the birds, and they were everywhere on Indefatigable Island—indeed, on the whole Galápagos Archipelago. From here she could see other islands dotting the Pacific; she could watch the changing color of the water, and the parade of pelicans, boobies, and frigate birds that flew by on their way to fish in the sea. There was always a cool breeze here and the trees were fresh and green, in contrast to the land-

A barren Pacific island provides little for a Christmas celebration. But in Katti the Christmas spirit burned so bright it warmed everybody within its reach

By

CHRISTINE VON HAGEN

scape six hundred feet below which was gray and sun baked where no green thing grew and the earth was covered with shimmering black lava and tall, spined cactus trees. That barren region was the home of the large land iguanas—red against the red earth—and the giant tortoises for which the archipelago was named in Spanish. Sometimes, from her perch up on the hill, Katti could see these ungainly gray shapes crashing through the underbrush, scraping carelessly against the prickly cactus in their ceaseless search for fresh water.

Katti's brown fingers flew for a few minutes and then stopped as she examined her work. Yes, the doily would do very well. This one, along with the other five, would make a nice Christmas present for Mama. How lucky that she

had been able to find the balls of cream-colored string among the things they had brought with them from Sweden!

Sweden! Katti dropped her hands in her lap and leaned back against the tree. What a long time it seemed since she had left Sweden to come to these islands! Actually it was only a few months ago. She remembered the day Papa had come home excitedly—it had been months since his face had lost a worried frown—and asked if they would be willing, she and her mother, to sail halfway round the world to the Galápagos Islands, off the west coast of South America, to make their home there until things were better in Sweden.

So, that was the way it was. Their first glimpse of Indefatigable Island, on a gray, misty day, had been discouraging. But after Mr. and Mrs. Ruder, old residents there, had taken them in and fed them and given them advice, they had all felt better. Now their vegetable garden was planted and their



THIS WAS HER FAVORITE SPOT—SECLUDED EXCEPT FOR THE BIRDS

house was started, high up on the central mountain of the island, where there was plenty of rainfall. Soon they would be almost like old-timers on the island.

It had been hard work and no play. That was why Katti looked forward so much to Christmas. They were to have a real celebration with the Ruders, in their neat frame house down on the beach. So Katti had been busy all week making presents for everyone; that is, for everyone except her father.

"What can I give Papa for Christmas?" she thought for the hundredth time. It seemed as if there was nothing she could make him. There was no way to buy anything on these faraway islands, and no matter how hard Katti ransacked their belongings, she could find nothing that would do.

A stick cracked in the underbrush. The dry bushes moved, then parted, and Katti saw a strange figure. At first she was frightened at the sight of the old man with his long, unkempt white beard and his ragged clothes. Then she smiled in relief as she realized who it must be.

"You're Svensen, aren't you?" she asked. "I am Katti." She stood up and made a curtsy, just as Grandmama had taught her at home.

The old man's brown, calloused hand pulled at the white beard which hung down to his belt, while he stared fixedly at the girl. "Anita?" he whispered.

"Not Anita—Katti," she replied. "I suppose you are wondering what I am doing here. It's because I had to hide away from Mama, so I could finish her Christmas present. See!" She held up her work. But the old man said nothing, though his intent gaze never left her face.

"We are going to celebrate Christmas with Mr. and Mrs.

Ruder down at their house, because ours is not finished yet," Katti went on, embarrassed by Svensen's silence.

Of course, old Svensen was queer. Everybody knew that, even Katti who had never seen him before. He lived by himself, high up on the hillside in a log hut, and he would have nothing to do with the other islanders. He even warned them off his place if they came near. No one knew exactly why Svensen was like that. It seemed to the others that when one lived far out in the Pacific Ocean on a barren, volcanic island, each one must help his neighbors, not hide away like a hermit.

This helping one another was the first thing Katti had learned on her arrival. Those who lived high on the hillside grew vegetables and traded them for fish with those who lived on the beach. Only Svensen traded nothing. He eked out a meager living growing potatoes, corn, tobacco—and killing wild pigs. He was the best hunter on the island, and the only man who could trap the wild burros that roamed the island and train them to carry burdens.

Now, the old man seemed to wake from his trance. "Christmas—bosh!" he exclaimed rudely. "Sentimental nonsense for silly fools! And why do ye give presents? So ye'll get some yerself, of course."

Katti was shocked. How could anyone think that about Christmas? "But that is not why we give presents," she explained. "I don't believe I will get any presents. Where could Mama and Papa get them? But it is fun thinking of things to make, and then of Christmas when everyone is so surprised." She looked up earnestly, and Svensen's face softened as he watched her.

Illustrated
by
ARMSTRONG
SPERRY



"Papa made a corncob pipe for Mr. Ruder, and I sewed a waterproof tobacco pouch of some rubber sheeting Mother had," Katti went on confidentially. "For Mrs. Ruder I made a handkerchief case and a handkerchief to go in it. And these are for Mama!" She held up the doilies. Then her face clouded. "But I haven't a single present for Papa. And I wanted to give him something special because he has worked so hard to make us a new home."

Old Svensen shuffled his sandaled feet, looking past Katti's blonde head toward the sea. His ice-blue eyes held a wistful look, as though he were remembering days gone by. Perhaps he was not really mean, thought Katti, only lonesome. Thoughtfully she considered his plight. Would it be wrong to invite a guest to someone else's house?

Katti's mother often scolded her for acting and speaking impulsively, and now she did just that. "Please, Mr. Svensen, will you come to our Christmas party next week?" The words popped out.

Old Svensen turned quickly. "Me? Ye want me to come to Christmas?" It had been a great many years since anyone had invited Svensen to a party. The other islanders had given up long ago, for they were sure to be abruptly refused. "Thank ye, child," he said now, as gently as his harsh voice, almost unaccustomed to speaking to human beings, could manage. "I think ye'll not want the old hermit at your feast."

"Oh, yes, Svensen, please come," cried Katti.

With a sudden movement the old man reached out a horny hand and touched the halo of fine golden hair that blew

around her head, and then, like a Galápagos tortoise, he plunged into the underbrush and disappeared.

CHRISTMAS had come to the Galápagos Islands.

"But what a strange Christmas!" Katti sighed, brushing back her hair with the back of her hand and leaving a smear of flour on one cheek. She had forgotten that this day would be just as hot and sunny as all the others, and she had to keep reminding herself that it really *was* the twenty-fifth of December.

From where she stood, kneading bread dough at the Ruders' kitchen table, Katti could look through the window over the cactus-covered sand to the shore. Shimmers of heat rose over the black lava; a hundred black sea iguanas rested under the blazing sun. As the waves washed in and out, little red crabs scuttled over the rocks with a sound like the rustle of dry leaves. It wasn't much like Sweden at Christmastime, she thought. Not even by squinting her eyes could she change the white sand into snow, and there was no mistaking that tropical breeze for the frosty wind that blew at home.

Katti sighed, then laughed at herself. How silly she was! Here she was thinking about Sweden, when it was Christmas Day and they were preparing the dinner! It was going to be the best Christmas they had ever had, because everyone was working hard to make it so.

Mama straightened up from bending in front of the stove to test the heat of the oven. "Are the rolls ready yet, Katti?" she asked. "We must get them baked before we need the oven for the chickens."

"Almost, Mama. I have only to spread the sugar and cinnamon on them," answered Katti gaily.

Mrs. Ruder, a short, plump woman, bustled in from the dining room where she had been setting the table. "Is everything all right?" she fussed. "Mmmm, doesn't that chicken and turtle soup smell good! I always say there is nothing like chicken broth to bring out the flavor of turtle soup." She lifted the lid from the big kettle and the steaming fragrance drifted through the kitchen. "Is the oven hot enough? Where are those men? Ivar!" she called to her husband.

The sound of laughter came from the living room, where the women had been forbidden to enter, and the two men—Katti's father, tall and dark, and Ivar Ruder, his blue eyes sparkling merrily—appeared.

"Some more wood, Ivar, or we will never get the dinner cooked," exclaimed Mrs. Ruder anxiously.

"Now, now, Mother, don't worry. Everything will be ready in time. Everything!" replied her husband.

At this the men burst out laughing. The women looked at each other as if to say, "Now what are they up to?"

The old wood stove glowed red and hot as Mr. Ruder stuffed pieces of twisted wood into it. Katti finished the rolls and thrust them into the oven, and soon the warm smell of cinnamon and sugar and fresh bread mingled with the aroma of the soup.

Katti moved over to the kitchen door to be in the breeze and out of the way until she was (Continued on page 32)



MAMA POURED HIM A CUP OF COFFEE AND KATTI SERVED HIM THE BIGGEST ROLL IN THE PAN



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A WARTIME CHRISTMAS



THE LITTLE DAUGHTER AND
BABY SON OF THE SERVING
WOMAN, DRESSED IN THEIR
BEST CRISP BLUE CHINESE
GOWNS, BOWED FROM THEIR
WAISTS POLITELY SAYING,
"SHE-SHE!" (THANK YOU)



WE WERE just married when we went to China, Hugh and I. We left America in the summer, and Christmas was far from our thoughts as we pictured the adventures before us on the other side of the world.

We were going into the interior of China, to Free China. Along the coast, in all the famous and glamorous cities of five years ago, the Japanese were in control, but in the far provinces the Chinese government was rallying its forces and fighting back. An up-and-coming new China was developing and we wished to take a look at it, to live there and study it for the next several years.

It was a rugged land with few foreigners (foreigners in China meaning British, Americans, and so forth) so, when our thoughts did turn to December, we hardly expected to find much Christmas celebration.

We had chosen Chengtu, a city deep in the western part of China in the province of Szechuan, as our first home in China. Hugh was to write some articles for the *Christian Science Monitor*, so Chungking, the wartime capital and news center, was perhaps the more logical place for us to live, but Chengtu was less often bombed by the Japanese so we went past Chungking, several hundred miles west.

Chengtu is the largest university city of west China. Out-

side the old walls of the city, on the flat plain among the fertile rice fields, a wide-spread campus has grown up. Originally belonging to just one university, the campus, since the war, has taken in four other universities, refugees from the Japanese. They are all Christian universities, supported by American and Canadian churches, so we found a large group of American and Canadian missionaries and professors there.

Hugh and I lived in one of the Canadian homes, with the family of a professor of dentistry. The family consisted of the mother, father, and a year-old son, the Chinese woman who took care of the baby and did the washing and house-keeping, her two children, the Chinese boy who did the ironing and waited on table, and the Chinese cook.

It was a comfortable foreign house, as comfortable as home. And it was welcome comfort, too, for China had been at war two and a half years, that winter of '39-'40, and there were few places where one could sit back in a chair before a fireplace fire and take it easy. Later we moved into Chungking, but we spent our first months, winter ones which are the dreariest of the Chinese year, in homelike and not too strange surroundings—and we had a real Christmas.

We started to get acquainted with the community first in school. We had traveled far, by road, through the interior and had felt the handicap of not speaking the language so

Illustrated by KURT WIESE

IN CHINA

by COURTNEY WILSON DEANE

much that when we settled down in Chengtu, we immediately joined a language class.

Our teacher was Mr. Pan. Each morning Mr. Pan would stand up, trim in his long-gown and black skull cap, and stretch his pointer up to the blackboard. We had to repeat after him the strange sounds, then he would pantomime the meaning. The first lesson was a much needed one on money. When we had drilled with Mr. Pan for an hour, the class split up and each of us had a private teacher. We were allowed to speak no English. It was meticulous work, learning how each of four tones made a word have several meanings. But it was not long before we could try out our sentences, however halting, on the servants and shopkeepers.

Our class was one of young missionaries who had just come from America. They lived with families as we did, so, as we met them, our circle of friends grew quickly. We soon knew most of the foreign group, people who were stationed in China for anywhere from three to seven years at a stretch, and were trying to make life there seem as homelike as possible.

I joined a small choir made up of foreign faculty which practiced every Friday night. That soon led to making friends over afternoon teas.

Chinese students often came to the house to see the professor, and we began to know them, too. While traveling, we had seen much of the illiteracy, poverty, and suffering of the Chinese people, but all about us now was another life entirely, that of the students of China to-day. And that life is amazingly modern, almost un-Chinese.

The campus grounds are grassy, the roads lined with willow trees and gardens. The buildings—administration, classroom, and library buildings—are gray brick, Chinese only in their colorful roofs turned up at the corners. The original dormitories are gray brick, too, but those put up recently for the refugee universities are Chinese buildings of bamboo frames and matting covered with baked mud. Even more foreign than the buildings are the tennis courts, many basket ball courts, and a football field. And about the edges of the campus are rows of foreign houses, houses just like any "faculty row" of an American university.

In these foreign surroundings, the students are busy pursuing their studies like any modern students of the Western world. In the past China has honored her scholars, but those scholars were men who stowed themselves away in books and worked on complex written characters all their lives. To-day the students are not the delicate youths who used to be the traditional scholar type. They go in for sports; are athletic and healthy; and girls may be students, also.

Some have come long distances, having undergone great hardships to move with their universities into the interior. They want to study modern methods, modern science, and to

go back to their own villages and teach their own people. Those who have traveled far have an idea how vast their country is, and how many possibilities it has. This knowledge has spread among the other students, and all seem filled with an eager purpose.

With our growing number of foreign friends and Chinese student friends who were Christians and knew our customs, we could actually look forward to a Christmas. But the very existence of the peaceful community of Chengtu as a sort of island in the middle of a great rough country at war made it hard to guess what that Christmas would be like.

I have to admit that, even with this community, I expected our China Christmas to be a somewhat dreary one, for so much of Christmas at home would be missing—things like the fun of Christmas shopping crowds, decorated stores and lighted streets, holiday feasts, the family gathering by a fireplace fire opening presents, old friends dropping in, and my two spaniels barking joyfully with the excitement.

The first reminder that Christmas was coming was a discussion in school about a vacation. We were to have only one day for our holiday. Then someone began to take up a collection to give the teachers a bonus for a Christmas present.

In choir, we began singing Christmas carols. And the students came and asked us to join their glee club in giving Handel's *Messiah* on Christmas Eve. It was not long until the whole campus was made aware, by our practicing every night, that Christmas was near.

Several days before Christmas I decided it was time to shop for Hugh's presents, so I skipped school for an afternoon. Every Chinese city has its curio street, and Chengtu has an especially long and fascinating one which, even if not decorated for Christmas, is a paradise for foreigners doing their Christmas shopping. I spent my whole afternoon poking into little open-front shops which sold everything from straw sandals and firecrackers to beautiful old chinaware.

I had some trouble finding anything for Hugh, but finally I came across a short street on which they sold chops. A chop is a small seal which is inked, thereby transferring its characters to paper as a signature. I knew Hugh would like one, so I chose a lovely piece of ivory and had his Chinese name carved on it. I also found, in a glass case on the wall of an alleyway outdoor shop, some soft gray mittens with white angora trimming.

When I reached home, I found Hugh on the steps with a curio man. He patted my pockets, teasing to look at what I'd bought, then turned to bargain with the man, who was holding a strange-looking, flat, bronze object which was supposed to be an old coin mold from the days when "cash," a kind of copper coin, was used. Hugh was collecting old Chinese coins, so I thought he was probably buying himself a

*An American bride, who spent
her first Christmas with her
journalist husband in China,
writes of her holiday experi-
ences in that war-torn land*



Christmas present. But the man wouldn't come down to his price so, when Hugh gave up bargaining and went in, I bought the mold and tucked it into my pocket for Christmas morning.

Many of our preparations for the great day were necessarily makeshift ones. Because of the war we could get nothing in, but had to do what we could with native things. We soon found ourselves adopting the Chinese idea of "*icha bu-do*," "it will do," or "just about right."

We bought ducks to take the place of turkeys. We found some native dried fruits to take the place of raisins and plums in our pudding. The coolie made wreaths of evergreen on hoops of bamboo strips, and I tied in native red berries and red paper bows.

I hadn't thought of bringing wrappings from home for our presents, so I had to scout about town for something Chinese. I wanted to use the lovely colored Chinese papers, but was warned that their color rubbed off. I finally used some feather-light rice paper and some red and green braid, and it did very well.

But not everything we thought "would do" was right. I had bought the gray mittens, thinking they'd replace some Hugh had lost, but when I brought them home I found they were made of unwashed wool and smelled like skunk. I wrapped them up, anyway, to give Hugh as a joke.

When I first saw our tree, I was plain discouraged. It was only a three foot straggly cypress and we had no trimmings for it. But I cut up some red paper and made decorations. And our next-door neighbors gave us a handful of tinsel from home and that helped. In some *papier-mâché* shops, where they made masks and paper toys, I found some little birds and fishes which were meant to be whistles but would also make Christmas tree ornaments—not glistening and luscious like ours at home, but colorful.

It did not really seem like Christmas until Christmas Eve. Then the wreaths were up at the windows, the tree put together, and the living room very gay. And aromas from the kitchen hinted that good things were in preparation there, too.

That evening I sang with the students in their performance of the *Messiah*. Our weeks of practicing did not produce a finished product of glee club singing, but the students were radiant. There they stood, something under a hundred of them, all dressed in their blue Chinese long-gowns and dresses, singing in parts and singing in English, modern students of China bursting with enthusiasm as they sang "Hallelujah, Hallelujah!"

Hugh met me afterward and together we walked home with a group of the students, chatting happily of the singing and talking over the possibilities of our broadcasting to the



I SPENT MY WHOLE AFTERNOON POKING INTO LITTLE OPEN-FRONT SHOPS ON CURIO STREET WHICH SOLD EVERYTHING FROM STRAW SANDALS AND FIRECRACKERS TO BEAUTIFUL CHINAWARE

United States. The air seemed to tingle with the feel of Christmas. The night was bright with a near full moon—a very special thing for the usually drizzly cold nights of a Szechuan winter—and we could almost imagine snowflakes falling among the willows that lined the roads.

At twelve, two, and four in the morning, the students who were especially Christmas-spirited came about the campus singing carols. Lying in bed, listening to their voices drifting in the window, I could scarcely believe that I was in a strange land. The carol singing seemed to be just the thing to start our Christmas day off right, for we awoke ready for fun.

At eight we were invited by the Canadian family next door for Christmas breakfast. They had a beautiful big tree they'd found out in the country, almost like our American ones, for the two little daughters; it was covered with homelike trimmings, and dozens of packages that had come through from home, each one marked "censored." It was a welcome sight, a perfect picture of an American Christmas, and we all joined in the fun of opening up. Often chocolate bars were included in the homelike packages, and the children, long deprived of such things which China does not have, exclaimed far more over them than over anything else.

As we left the house, we found groups of Chinese students going by on their way to the Christmas service in the chapel. They had been opening gifts, too, and were showing off rings

and pins and scarfs that they were wearing. One of them I knew, and had a Christmas card for, so I ran out to give it to her. We exchanged greetings and then I went on to deliver a few other last-minute cards. While Christmas shopping I had discovered some little yellow baskets, about an inch high, in the wares of a peddler, and had tied miniature chrysanthemums and red berries on the handles, tucking a note of greeting inside—and these were my cards for special friends.

At home we were greeted by the servants, who crowded into the living room to thank us for our presents. The little daughter and baby son of the serving woman, dressed in their best crisp blue Chinese gowns, bowed from their waists in polite Chinese fashion and said, "*She-she!*" (Thank you), then looked in awe at our tree.

After a while we opened our own presents. Hugh laughed at his smelly gloves, and then handed me a package which proved to be a toy clay whistle. He also had been on curio street and from there he gave me a blue-and-white Chinese crackle pottery vase and a badly needed watch. As the others opened their packages, the gifts which were most welcome were a tin of butter, a can of Golden Syrup, and a tin of coffee. When everything was open, we salvaged the paper and ribbon and seals from home packages for the next year.

Company came in for dinner. (Continued on page 50)

The Church Was Still Full Of Hymns

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

The church was still as full of hymns as ever
Though it was turned into a barn, and cows
Had taken the place of two-footed congregations
And the organ made place for the plows.

There was as much good living in the building,
For all that I could see, as when men knelt
And tried to follow prayers of the preacher
And noticed how of soap their big hands smelt.

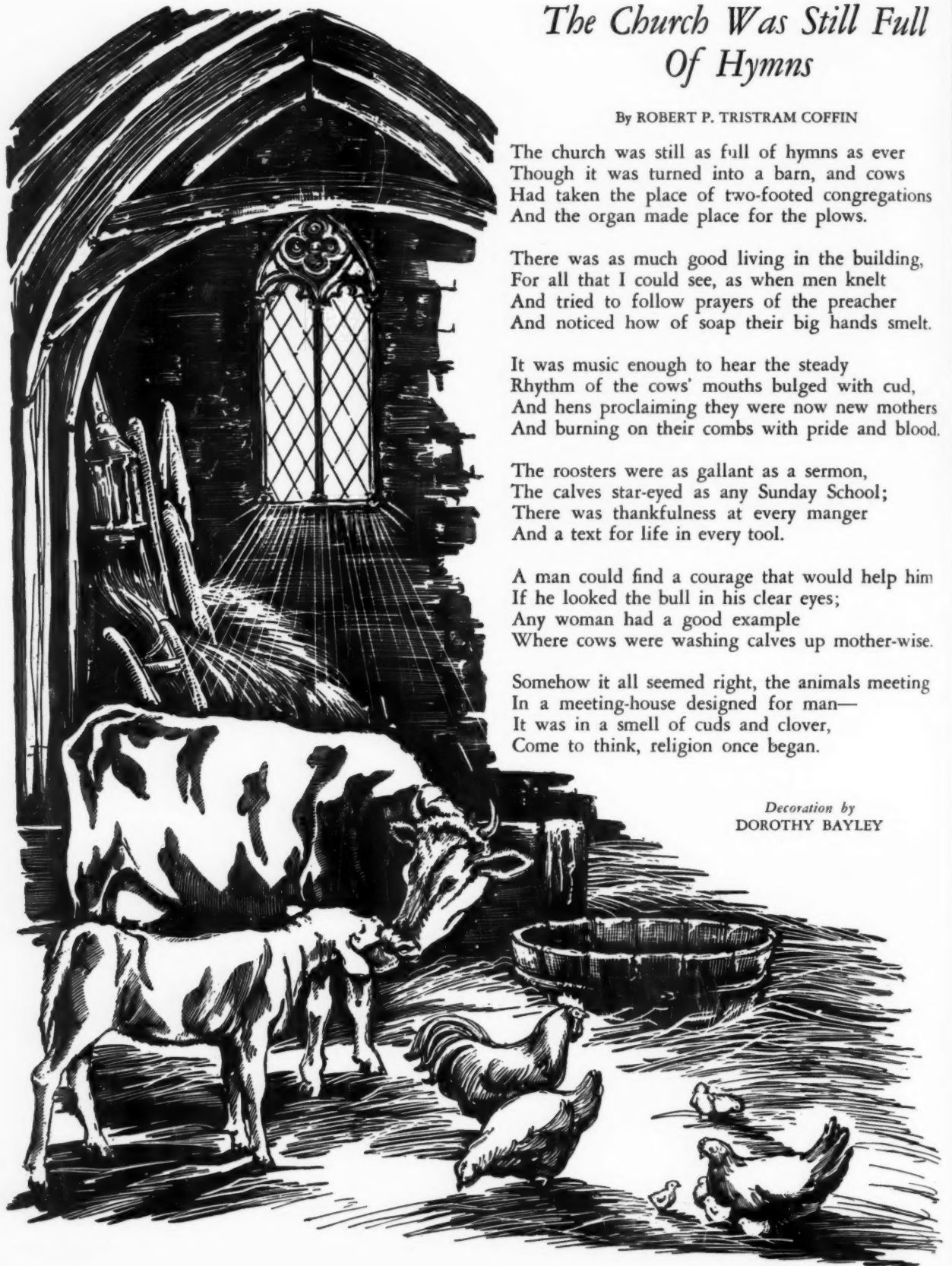
It was music enough to hear the steady
Rhythm of the cows' mouths bulged with cud,
And hens proclaiming they were now new mothers
And burning on their combs with pride and blood.

The roosters were as gallant as a sermon,
The calves star-eyed as any Sunday School;
There was thankfulness at every manger
And a text for life in every tool.

A man could find a courage that would help him
If he looked the bull in his clear eyes;
Any woman had a good example
Where cows were washing calves up mother-wise.

Somehow it all seemed right, the animals meeting
In a meeting-house designed for man—
It was in a smell of cuds and clover,
Come to think, religion once began.

Decoration by
DOROTHY BAYLEY



Gildickon Plays a Christmas Prank *by*

ELIZABETH
CURTIS

Illustrated by
the
AUTHOR



QUICK AS A RABBIT, JOHN
WAS THROUGH THE OPEN-
ING WITH THE LANTERN
AND OFF TO JOIN HIS
OLD FRIENDS, THE ACTORS

ONE snowy Christmas Eve Gildickon went out for a stroll. He was attracted by the community tree at the top of the Square. It sparkled with electric lights and a crowd of people stood about it, singing carols. "This is not as exciting," he thought, "as the good old Mystery Plays we used to have, with gold angels and shepherds, and Beelzebub jumping around."

He left the Square and wandered up one street and down the next. There was a spicy smell of evergreens in the air and lighted windows shone bright through the falling snow. No one was in sight, not even Gill himself, for he was an invisible fairy who did not leave so much as a footprint in the fresh snow.

At the turn of a corner he came upon a group of boys caroling, and scrambling for the nickels and dimes that people flung from near-by windows. They stood under a street light and one boy sang the verses of the song, while the others came in loudly with the refrain. "Good ale, good ale, good ale, good ale!" sang the carolers.

Gill stopped short. This was a carol of a different sort from those sung round the community tree, and he had heard that tune before. His mind went racing back through time.

He remembered another Christmas Eve in an old cathedral town of medieval England. He was wandering the narrow streets when he came on a group of waits singing carols, just as these boys were. They were standing beneath the walls of an ancient Abbey—three or four men, and a fair-haired boy whose voice rose clear and high over the deep tones of the older men.

"Bring us in no brown bread, for that is made of bran,
"Bring us in no white bread, for therein is no game,
"Bring us in no beef, for there is many bones,
"Bring us in good ale, for that goeth down at once.
"Good ale, good ale, good ale, good ale,
"For our Blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale!"

Gildickon, the mischievous elf, in a moment of memory and remorse, attempts to right an old wrong on Christmas Eve

It was late, Gill remembered, and the great gate of the monastery was closed for the night, but above the height of the wall the lighted rose window of the Abbey Church gleamed blue and crimson, for the Brothers were at vespers.

The waits had put down their lantern near the gate and raised their song. As Gildickon stood, watching and listening, the gatekeeper opened the wicket and stuck his head out.

"Be off, with your ribald songs," he called, but the young men sang on louder than ever.

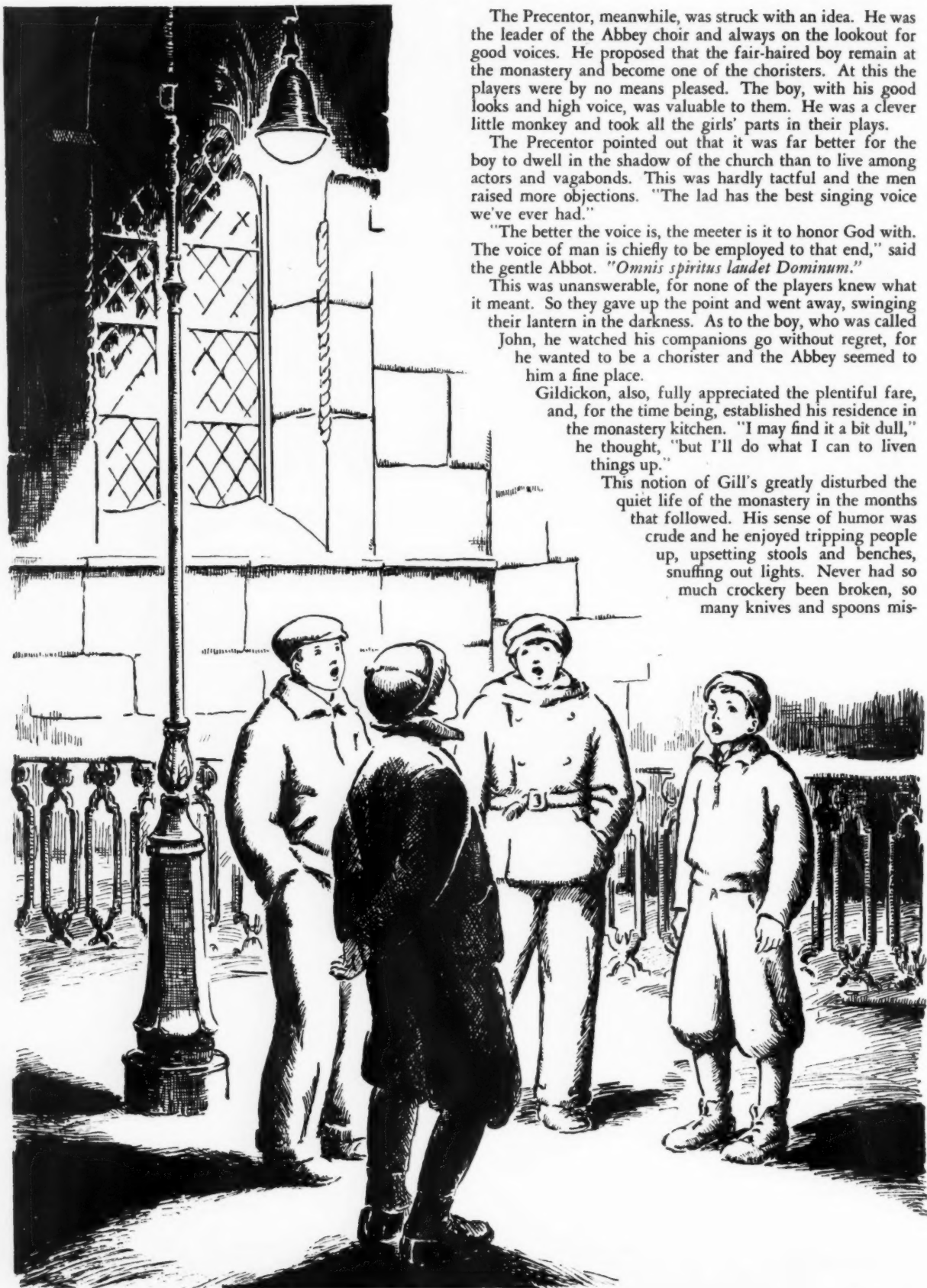
Some of the dignitaries of the Abbey were passing through the inner courtyard on their way from the service. The Abbot was an old man and rather deaf, but the singing caught his ear. "What a beautiful carol!" he said.

"I would scarcely call it beautiful," answered the Precentor, "but that boy has a good voice and the melody is pleasing."

"Just what I said," agreed the Abbot. "No one shall be turned from our door on Christmas Eve. Let them be taken to the kitchen and fed."

So they told the surly doorkeeper to open the gate, and the waits were rewarded with a hearty meal in the Abbey kitchen. Gildickon, uninvited and unseen, followed along and snatched a share of the good things going.

The singers belonged to a company of strolling actors who had given a Christmas Mystery Play that afternoon in the market place, and had continued their caroling in the evening, hoping to gather a few extra pennies. They ate with appetite the cold meat and pudding which the cook placed before them, for seldom did such fare come their way.



The Precentor, meanwhile, was struck with an idea. He was the leader of the Abbey choir and always on the lookout for good voices. He proposed that the fair-haired boy remain at the monastery and become one of the choristers. At this the players were by no means pleased. The boy, with his good looks and high voice, was valuable to them. He was a clever little monkey and took all the girls' parts in their plays.

The Precentor pointed out that it was far better for the boy to dwell in the shadow of the church than to live among actors and vagabonds. This was hardly tactful and the men raised more objections. "The lad has the best singing voice we've ever had."

"The better the voice is, the meeter is it to honor God with. The voice of man is chiefly to be employed to that end," said the gentle Abbot. "*Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum.*"

This was unanswerable, for none of the players knew what it meant. So they gave up the point and went away, swinging their lantern in the darkness. As to the boy, who was called John, he watched his companions go without regret, for he wanted to be a chorister and the Abbey seemed to him a fine place.

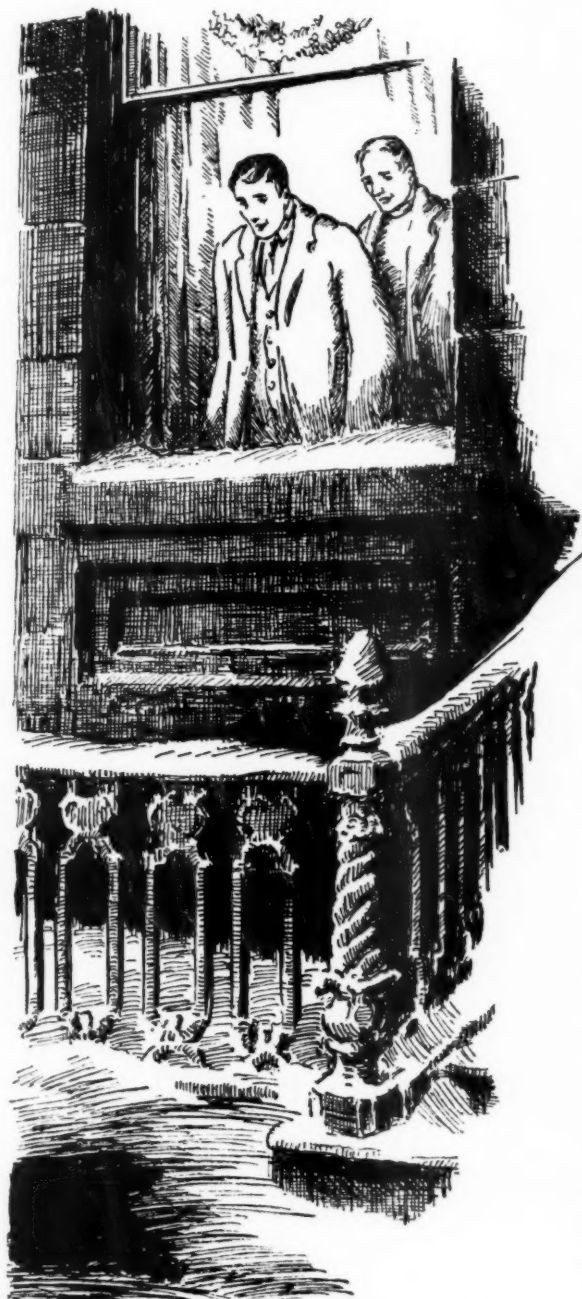
Gildickon, also, fully appreciated the plentiful fare, and, for the time being, established his residence in the monastery kitchen. "I may find it a bit dull," he thought, "but I'll do what I can to liven things up."

This notion of Gill's greatly disturbed the quiet life of the monastery in the months that followed. His sense of humor was crude and he enjoyed tripping people up, upsetting stools and benches, snuffing out lights. Never had so much crockery been broken, so many knives and spoons mis-

laid, never had so many cakes and jellies disappeared mysteriously.

There were complaints from every hand. "Ever since that players' boy has been among us, there has been trouble," the Brothers said.

"I cannot believe John is to blame," said the Abbot. "He is not that kind of boy. He sings like an angel and will bring glory to our choir. He would not be guilty of such mischief."



E. CURTIS.

THE RECTOR CAME TO THE WINDOW, TOO, AND THE BOYS, DELIGHTED AT BEING NOTICED AT LAST, CAROLED EVEN LOUDER

As the seasons wore around, John was as happy as could be. Again Christmas was approaching, and for weeks the choristers practiced chants and anthems for the Christmas services. The Precentor, who was a poet as well as a musician, wrote a new carol, telling of the tidings brought to Mary by the Angel Gabriel. He set it to the old wassail tune which John had learned among the players, for he thought it a pity that so gracious a melody should not be rightly used. John was to sing the carol at the service on Christmas Day. So they planned, but matters fell otherwise.

Gildickon had been growing more and more dissatisfied. No one was amused at his jokes and he was bored himself. "I'll take myself off," he decided, "but before I go, I'll wake this sleepy place up a bit." So he rang the bell for matins at two o'clock one cold December morning. He laughed and slapped his sides when the tired Brothers hustled out of their beds and hurried, shivering, to church.

When the mistake was discovered, everyone was indignant. What a trick! Who had rung that bell? Eyes and fingers pointed at John. He had been suspected before; he was the youngest and the newcomer.

"Boys are undependable creatures," said the Abbot sadly.

John protested that he hadn't done it, that he hated to get up as much as any of them.

"Outrageous!" the monks exclaimed. "He should be beaten."

"No," said the Abbot, "it will be a worse punishment for John not to sing on Christmas Day."

In vain John begged and pleaded. He was sent into the kitchen to help the cook, who wanted an extra hand at that busy season—and another boy was chosen to sing the new carol. John was desolate, but he was angry, too, for he had not been to blame.

Gildickon was even more put out. "What unfairness!" he thought. "I'll pay someone off for this." And he bided his time.

ONCE more, on Christmas Eve, the waits went caroling from street to street and came to the Abbey gate. No one was turned away at Christmas, so the doorkeeper let them in and brought them to the kitchen. With joy John recognized his former friends. They greeted him cheerfully.

"We miss you, John," they said, "but you are better off here."

Gildickon, lurking as usual in the chimney nook, saw his opportunity. Suddenly a wave of longing for the old life took hold of John. "You were happy then," whispered Gildickon's voice in his ear. "No one made you scrub dishes, or turn the spit. No one was unfair to you." The boy sighed, but he dared not speak and his unsuspecting friends finished their meal and departed.

"Look here," exclaimed the cook, "those fellows have forgotten their lantern! Run after them, John. They can't have gone far." Then John snatched his chance and the lantern, and ran.

"Hold the gate a minute," he called to the doorkeeper. "Which way did those men go?"

"Toward the market place," said the keeper, and quick as a rabbit John was away to join his friends.

Gildickon chuckled in triumph, for it was he who had hidden the lantern and contrived it all. But soon a second thought came to trouble him. After all, it was John who lost most in the long run.

"Maybe I wasn't so smart as I meant to be," he thought, and was quite regretful until some other matters crowded a rabbit John was away to join his friends.

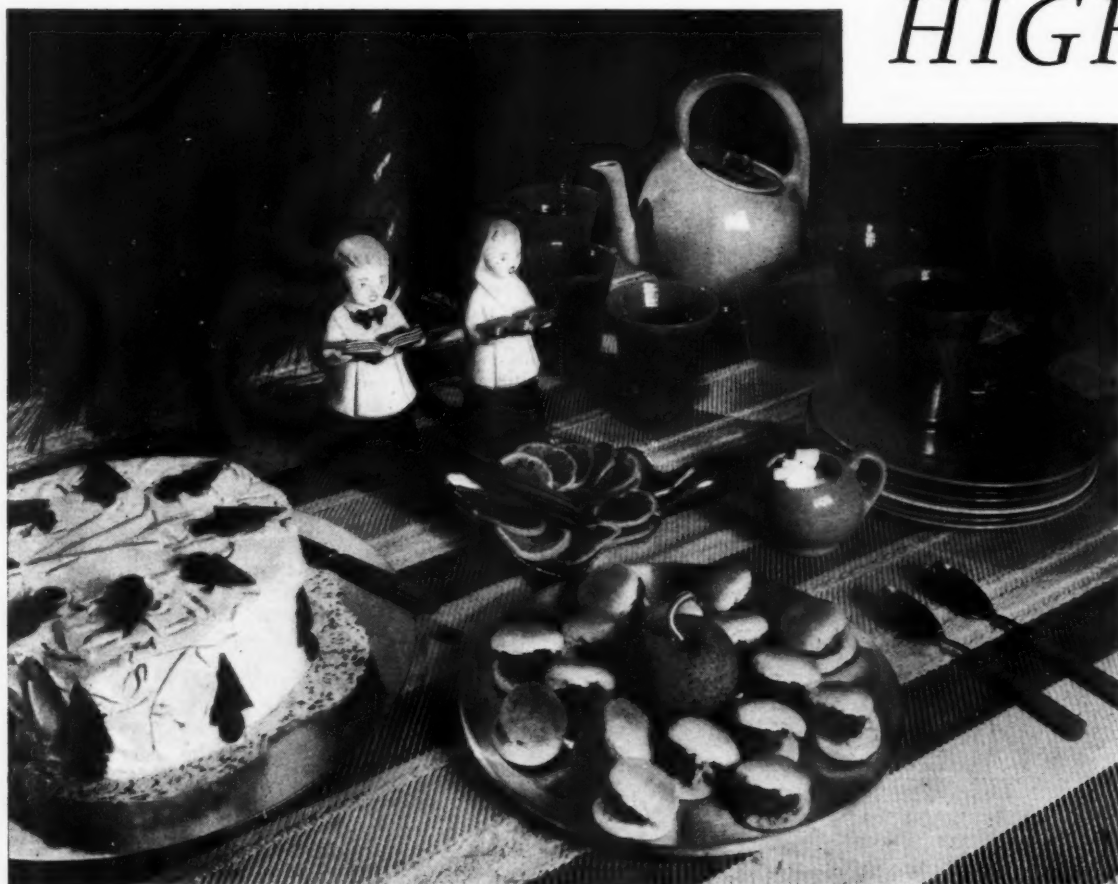
Bring us in no tripe, for that is—"

Gildickon came back to the present with a jerk. Here, after all these centuries, stood a boy (Continued on page 30)

HOLIDAY TEAS



HIGH



SPREAD YOUR TABLE FOR HIGH TEA WITH A GAY CLOTH, AND SET IT WITH COLORFUL POTTERY PLATES AND MUGS THAT MAKE DRINKING SPICED TEA A PLEASURE. SERVE A PLATTER OF TASTY, HOT "TURKEY-BURGERS" AND A LUSCIOUS, TREE-TRIMMED CHRISTMAS CAKE



THESE'S a great day coming—the greatest of the year. Even if it were possible for us to lose count by the calendar, we'd still know what day is on the way by all the hustle and bustle going on around us; by the air of mystery that the family wears; by the whispering that abruptly ceases when, unannounced, we enter the room; by the look of anticipation on the faces of passers-by; by the red-robed, white-whiskered street-corner Santa Claus who rings his bell so vigorously under our very noses.

Christmas is coming. All signs point to it. Each of us, in our own way, will celebrate the manger miracle in Bethlehem almost two thousand years ago.

Yuletide is a time when we like to do the same old thing in the same old way. And why not? Any good custom bears repeating and never loses its charm. One of our own earliest and fondest recollections of Christmas Eve is of being guided to the window and being permitted to lend a hand in placing the lighted candle there—"to wish Merry Christmas to the passing stranger," so we were told. That was when we were very young, yet never a Christmas Eve has gone by without our being true to the tradition of the lighted candle, even

though now our window happens to be in a city apartment fourteen floors above street level. Doubtless the ceremony carries on the old-world belief that on Christmas Eve the Christ Child walks abroad, looking for a welcome, and feels cheered by the candle gleam.

Another early memory that has never grown cold is the tree-trimming party on the night before Christmas. If you've never been hostess at such a party, you are missing something. We've given a tree-trimming party ever since we were knee-high and only tall enough to reach the lowest fir bough. It has always been most informal. Anybody who could come was welcome—and better late than never. Usually there has been quite a crowd, old and young, pitching in to help hang the glittering baubles and drape the tinsel. When the tree is lighted "there comes upon the midnight clear that glorious song of old" when everybody gathers round to join in the carols.

As for the holiday week, itself, how gay this always is, with old friends bobbing up at tea time, and the new friends one always meets at this season of good will!

On four or five days out of the holiday ten, you can pretty well count on having company. This is something to be glad

OR LOW



You'll be feeling hospitable during the Christmas season and will want to have the crowd in for a party. Here are some grand ideas for giving a tea—one of the pleasantest and easiest ways to entertain

By FLORENCE SMITH VINCENT



WHEN A FEW CLOSE FRIENDS DROP IN, ASK YOUR BROTHER TO HELP YOU SERVE LOW TEA WITH DEMOCRACY CRUMB CAKE TO GO WITH IT

about, if you are ready for the unexpected guest as well as for those you have invited. There will be no doubt about your being in a hospitable mood, if you plan, ahead of time, teas that can be served in a jiffy and yet have something about them that will mark them as different. And just as Yuletide is the time for repeating old customs, it also offers opportunity

to originate some new custom to carry on through the years, some pleasant little ritual that, when you have a family of your own, will make a happy memory for them to cherish. My suggestion is that you make this new ritual a holiday tea, high or low.

If you're interested, let's begin with the high tea—and don't let its high-faluting title get you down. Instead of being a pretentious affair, the high tea is very much like the familiar Sunday night supper. (We got this straight from a British friend of ours who was brought up on high teas.) It seems that there is always a hot dish of some sort or a hearty salad, with hot biscuits or scones, cake that melts in your mouth or cookies, and plenty of tea, piping hot.

Let's assume that you plan this high tea for the day after Christmas, when the crowd, one by one, drifts in to see what Santa Claus has brought you. The chances are that, coming so swiftly on the heels of Christmas dinner, you'd like to make that left-over turkey the basis of your hot dish. So you might serve the turkey hot, cut into small cubes or squares and creamed with mushrooms and green peas. You can bring this to the table straight from the oven in the same smart pottery ramekin (with a handle) in which it was heated. With such a satisfyingly hearty dish, you need little else except crisp Melba toast and relishes on the side. Most of us, at heart, are nibblers and we love to take our vitamins in olives, radish hearts, and thin strips of raw carrots. Top off with an angel food cake, say, or a Snow Whirl Chocolate Roll, and you've got something that will make your high tea long remembered.

The low tea can be as informally simple as you care to make it. No hot dish has its inning here, but we would suggest grilled turkey-burgers. You've guessed right—turkey-burgers are nothing more or less than burger rolls toasted and filled with grilled turkey hash. Be sure to season the mixture with salt and pepper and possibly a little nutmeg for extra flavor. Mince the turkey by hand. If you don't want it pasty, don't pass it through the meat-chopper, as you would beef. You might add a little of the turkey gravy and crisp the turkey-burgers in the oven.

At the impromptu tea for two or twenty, sandwiches with fruit tarts, or gayly frosted cup cakes, or cookies, with plenty of freshly made tea, are feast enough.

One way to achieve that "different" effect you want your friends to remember you by, is with the cut of your cookies and the trimming of your cake. All the Christmas symbols are reproduced in cookie cutters. When we were planning this holiday tea, high or low, we asked our friend Nata Lee if she would like to contribute a suggestion or two. And we learned a lot about giving *oomph* to a cake from this lady who, as one of New York's best-known caterers, makes it her business. Miss Lee does interesting things with angelica, for instance, using the delicate green of this crystallized stalk of the rhubarb family for leaves and wreathes. Citron leaves are a bit darker green. She cuts tiny red berries—to simulate holly or red baubles for the cake top's Christmas tree—from crystallized red cherries. What would Yuletide be without a touch of mistletoe? This can be represented by combining tiny white candies with halved pistachio nuts on a colored icing.

Use your own artistic skill to work out interesting patterns. Nut meats are a help—pecan, cashew, pistachio. So are candied fruit peel and crystallized (Continued on page 42)

TO THE RESCUE

by NORA BENJAMIN KUBIE

THE ski class shivered in a semicircle facing Lisl, the young instructress. A bright-plumaged bird with blond crest fluttering, she stood poised for flight on the white curve of the hill.

"You are snowplowing and then you are shooting," she said. "Points of the skis together, push out the heels—it is very simple. I will go now quickly to the bottom, and there I will watch how each of you makes your try."

She was like a swallow darting, Ann thought enviously, watching Lisl gather speed, or like a plane which could zoom up over the sugar-coated pines, over the frozen lake, to the blue mountain top. "Oh, dear, it's my turn already!"

The cold wind swept down maliciously from the hill, trying to push her off into space. Ann's hands were numb from too tight clutching of ski poles, her feet were lumps of ice and lead.

"Knees *forwaerts*," the teacher shouted up at her. "How many times do I tell you—give your knees forward!"

Ann felt as if she were crouching like a panther for the spring, but her skis sprang away from under her instead, and for the twentieth time that afternoon she sat down hard on the white, beautiful, cold Vermont hillside.

"Was dot necessary?" Lisl cried. "Now, Anna, was dot necessary?"

Ann shook her head impatiently. "Not necessary for you," she thought, twisting her legs in the vise of the skis, "but I seem to be a flop at the whole thing. Well, it's not necessary for me to go on taking it, either, when I came here to have a good time. Skiing isn't the most important thing in the world, even if Lisl is so everlastingly solemn about it."

She dragged herself clumsily to her feet. "I'm going to quit for the afternoon, Lisl."

"You are perhaps tired, no?" the teacher said. "Rest yourself, then, and in a little while you will feel more like trying."

Ann turned her back on the ski slope. "Tired?" she thought. "I'm so tired, I'd like to burst into tears. Lisl can't know what it's like to be the very worst in the class—she was probably born on skis, like all Austrians. She doesn't look as if she cared whether she had a good time or not, either, with that serious face of hers."

Lisl watched Ann slither down the hill, the defiant gesture somewhat spoiled by her unsteadiness. "These American girls," she thought, "they do not know the meaning of discipline. Always they must have fun from the very beginning." She remembered her own awkward first attempts and the joy of gradual, mounting skill. Ah, but it had been so particularly beautiful that winter in the high mountains, with the skiers on the bare slopes above the timber line silhouetted against the sky, with the peaks glittering down on her little efforts, and the windows of the huts in the valley winking a welcome at evening. How gay they had all been in Vienna in the old days before Hitler came! Those week-ends on the Schneeberg, skiing all day and then back to the city to dance all night, as if one could never be tired. Where were the others now, she wondered, shivering.



Ann resented the attitude of the Austrian girl who was teaching her to ski—until she discovered that a rescue can work two ways

Ann struggled wearily toward the valley, toward the chimney smoke rising blue into the darkening afternoon sky and the yellow lighted windows of the Inn. She took off her skis at the entrance door—and then hesitated about going in. That cosy room would be full of people, older people playing cards, boys and girls playing ping-pong or lounging by the fire in chattering bunches. But Ann was too timid to join in their easy comradeship. She plunged her hands into her pockets and limped stiffly off down the forest road which led away from the Inn and the practice slope.

She needed to think things out. Why did she feel so defeated over this silly sport, and why did she mind it so much? She was never very good at sports, but skiing had looked so easy, and she had thought it would be fun. This winter holiday had been her own idea. She had been restless and a little lonely even at home; most of her friends, the girls with whom she had graduated from school, were working, busy all day at

something. Ann seemed to be the only one who could find no job. Her single talent was for making things—sewing, knitting and embroidery—but how could one put that to use in this machine-made, ready-made age?

It was her own ridiculous shyness about making friends, her uncertainty about herself generally, and then being a dub at skiing besides, that was making her feel so licked. "Well, now that I'm here, my first job is to learn to ski, I suppose," she decided as she retraced her steps toward the Inn. "Not that it's ever useful, but just to show myself that I can stick at something hard."

THE ski class assembled at two-thirty in the afternoon in front of the Inn. Ann was ready ahead of time, fidgeting while the rest of the class adjusted their ski straps and teased each other. There were a dozen or so girls in blue or gray ski suits, red or blue caps, bright mittens and scarves and sweaters—a dozen girls like the ones she knew at home, as much alike as a row of vari-colored sweet peas. They all seemed to be boon companions, although most of them had only met a few days before. Only Lisl and Ann stood apart and silent.

The girl nearest to Ann looked at the young instructress with rapturous admiration. "Where do you get your ski clothes, Lisl? Did you bring them with you from Austria? I never saw any half so pretty in the shops at home."

"From Austria I bring nothing but myself," Lisl said. "The clothes, of necessity, I make. But Janet, first it gives to think of ski technic, then only of clothes."

"She would think clothes unimportant," Ann thought. But, grudgingly, she had to admit that Lisl's clothes were lovely. "Better than I could make."

Lisl was strapping a knapsack on her shoulders. "Now, my students, to-day we will make a small expedition," she said. "First across the lake, and then just a little way up the mountain."

"Everything which goes up must come down," someone remarked.

"And when you find you are running too fast, what do you do?" Lisl said in reply. "Snowplow, is it not so? The down going will be all over before you know it. But, Anna, you were very tired yesterday. You would perhaps prefer to remain behind and practice here on the slope by the Inn?"

"Of course not," said Ann shortly. "If I fall, I'll pick myself up again, that's all."

"Very well, then," said Lisl. "Let us start."

"That Lisl!" thought Ann. "She acts as if she were my governess, and she can't be more than a couple of years older than I am."

"That Anna!" thought Lisl. "As soon as you tell her she need not do a thing, then first of all she must do it. How would she act if she came really to be in trouble, I wonder?"

A mile across the lake the mountain loomed, its peak boldly molded with white sunshine and blue shadow above the lacy network of birches and pines. "Push with your poles," said Lisl.

"Slide your skis *forwaerts*. So, it gives some practice for gliding on the level."

Ann caught the rhythm of slide and push; with proper timing her skis seemed to have a forward movement of their own. She passed by the others, making her own track, and caught up with Lisl.

"Good, Anna," said the teacher. "Now you have got it."

But Ann did not find climbing so easy. The trail which led up from the lake was unbroken and thick with drifts. She struggled laboriously, planting her



FOR THE TWENTIETH TIME THAT AFTERNOON ANN SAT DOWN HARD ON THE WHITE VERMONT HILLSIDE. NO WONDER SHE WAS DISCOURAGED!

Illustrated by RUTH KING

skis wide in herringbone pattern as she had been taught. Behind her stumbled the line of hunched figures, pulling on their poles, slipping a step backward for every few feet gained. The low pine branches on either side had a way of catching ski tips unexpectedly, and then someone would go sprawling across the path. At this, all the others would wait and gasp deep breaths, grateful for the moment of rest.

Ann wanted to stop and fall back many times, but by strenuous effort she managed to keep her place. Just as she felt she could positively not lift her feet another inch, Lisl drew over to the side of the trail. "This will be enough for to-day. When you have rested, we descend."

"Oh my, oh my," Janet puffed, "the next time I climb I'm going to wear my bathing suit!" A moment later she was turning up her collar, beating her mittens together, and begging Lisl to start.

"It is a good idea," Lisl agreed, looking at the sky through the pine boughs. "Pretty soon I think it is snowing. I go first—and, Anna, will you follow after?"

Ann was wringing wet, and still so breathless that her stomach felt as if it were turning over inside her. "I just—just want to rest a minute more," she gasped. "Anyhow, I fall down so much that I'll delay you. Let me go last this time, after my knees stop feeling so flimsy."

Lisl nodded briskly and shot off down the grade. One by one the others followed, vanishing swiftly around a bend in the trail, and Ann was left alone among the black trees. The sun was well behind the mountain now, and it was even darker and colder than usual at this hour. Ann set her feet in the tracks made by the others and said to herself threateningly, "When you are going too fast, snowplow. Bend, you wooden knees, bend as you never did before!"

Inspiration descended upon her. She found herself shooting smoothly down the trail, checking her speed as she willed, rounding the bend with a masterly snowplow turn, flying on with just a little wobble here and there over the bumps. The trees which seemed dangerously close on either side slid harmlessly by. What beautiful excitement skiing was, when you found you could actually do it! She wanted never to stop—she felt like shouting with joy and triumph. And then, without benefit of rock or ridge or hidden tree root, she pitched forward suddenly, with her skis crossed and agony shooting through one doubled-up ankle.

Shakily she sat up and tried to pull her feet from the drift under which they were buried, but pain put an end to that: Like a dog digging for a bone, she scuffed away the snow with her hands, thinking unhappily that the bone was her own. She managed at last with numb fingers to unclasp the ski harnesses. Now she should be able to untangle herself and stand up, but tears came to her eyes when she tried.

"Sprained ankle," she thought despairingly. "Oh dear, if I try to hop down this steep trail on one foot, I'll only fall down on my face again! I'll have to try to crawl."

Biting cold crept upward from the ground, penetrating her clothing, chilling her whole body. Crawling was slow and weary work, and Ann came to understand how a person lost in the snow could easily sink back and go to sleep in the pillow drifts. But that was how one froze to death, and Ann didn't want to die. It was beginning to snow, too, adding to her peril. In sudden panic she shouted aloud, shouted until her lungs felt like bursting, "Help, help, help!"

ONLY echoes answered from the lonely mountainside. Where were the others? "They might at least have waited for me," Ann sobbed. She called again and listened, straining, hearing the thump of her own heart beats.

This time, far away, she did hear a faint musical yodel. She screamed an answer, scarcely daring to hope until she saw a small figure in the twilight, busy as a beetle, climbing furiously up the snowy trail toward her.

"Ach, you poor!" Lisl cried. "Did you hurt?"

"I'm afraid I've sprained my ankle," Ann said. "I can't seem to walk on it at all."

Lisl removed her skis, helped Ann to her feet, put an arm around her waist. "Now your arm place across my shoulder, and with the other arm your pole use for a cane, so. We will proceed slowly, and when it hurts too much, please to tell me and we rest."

The two-headed, three-legged creature that was Ann and Lisl hobbled down the trail. Wet white flakes were drifting faster and faster through the black, interlaced branches and Ann knew she must not stop, no matter how much it hurt.

"The others go already across the lake," said Lisl. "I hope only it is not too late for us. Ah, but look there!"

Through an opening in the trees, where once had been a view of lake and mountain, nothing was to be seen now but

a swirling mass of furious white, and the blast that howled up out of it sent the girls staggering backward.

"Never should we be able to go through that," Lisl said, shaking her head. "We shall be frostbitten dead if we try."

"You go on without me," Ann said faintly. "Go fast, on your skis, and perhaps you can bring back help from the Inn."

"Quatch!" said Lisl. "What nonsense!"

"No, really, I mean it," Ann protested.

Lisl's arm tightened around her waist. They stood there silently, alone in the frozen forest with the snow falling around them, covering their tracks, blinding their eyes, smothering the whole world about them.

Lisl gave a little shriek. "The hut! The hut! I have just now remembered—there is a ski shelter at the foot of the trail. Only a little further and we find it."

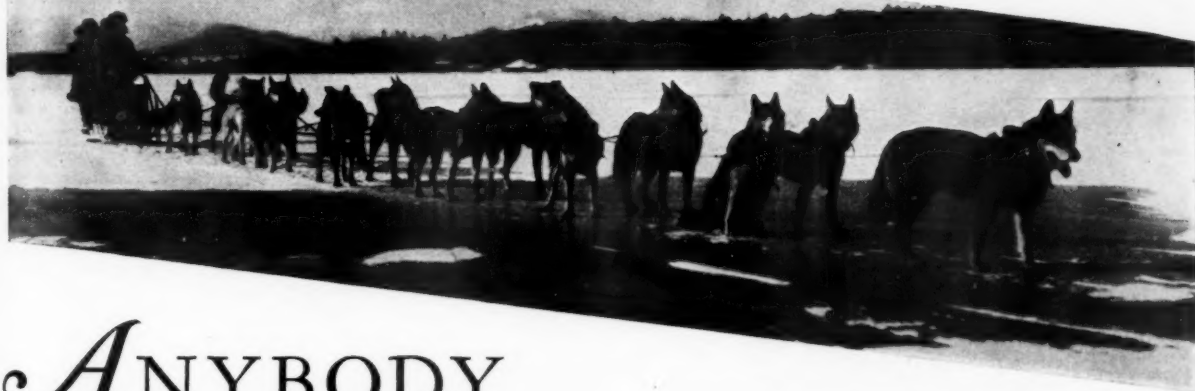
It would have been easy to pass by the shack, almost hidden by drifts halfway to its eaves and (Continued on page 35)



LISL'S VOICE DROPPED INTO SILENCE—SUCH A SILENCE THAT ANN BECAME AWARE OF THE CRACKLING OF THE FIRE, THE BUBBLING OF THE SAUCEPAN, THE HISS OF THE FALLING SNOW OUTSIDE

Photograph by Ewing Galloway


LEONHARD SEPPALA AND HIS FAMOUS
DOG TEAM AT LAKE PLACID, NEW YORK



ANYBODY CAN DRIVE DOGS

By ELLA WILSON HILL

The author shares with you an exciting experience—when she raced across Alaskan snows, from Fairbanks to Nome, behind the fastest dog team in the world

 HAVE you ever driven a dog team? I have—but I doubt if I should have had that delight if I hadn't been ill for a long time. My doctor said I needed a change to a clear, cold, invigorating climate in order to counteract the depressing effect of a hot country.

So, after several weeks of arranging accommodations and all, I went in the dead of winter to Fairbanks, interior Alaska, where, it seemed, every young person could skate, ski, and—most glorious of all—drive dogs. Though I could swim and play tennis, I knew nothing whatever about winter sports, and I'd never even seen a dog team. However, I was born in a snow country, and I took to the idea.

It was February and the thermometer in Fairbanks stood much of the time at forty below. I wasn't an athletic girl—I weighed less than a hundred pounds—and I was a *cheechako* (tenderfoot), yet I made a thousand-mile dog-team journey from Fairbanks to Nome on Bering Sea. That's why I say, "Anybody can drive dogs"—since I drove them myself on that wonderful trip across Alaska.

I had already been out twice for dog-team rides, when one morning at daybreak—that meant around nine o'clock in the morning so far north—I saw a great many good-looking dogs frolicking in the snow at the side of the street. A man stood watching the dogs and I asked him about them.

"That's Leonhard Seppala's champion team of Siberians—the fastest racing dogs in the world," he informed me. "The small man over there in a fur parka watching them is Leonhard himself. He'll be driving back to Nome in a few days."

BELOW: THE AUTHOR
IN HER WHITE PARKA
STANDS ON THE SHORT
SKIS IN FRONT OF LEON-
HARD SEPPALA, DRIVING
HIS SIBERIAN RACERS

Photograph by Anna V. Horner





Photograph by Ewing Gulloway
SILENT POWER AND SPEED ACROSS MOONLIT SNOW

Then he asked if I was the cheechako girl he'd heard about.

"I suppose so," I said. "I haven't been in Alaska very long."

"You'll be a cheechako until you see the ice go out and come in," he told me. "After that you'll be a sourdough."

Just then school children came running from every quarter, for the news had spread that Leonhard Seppala was in town. "We want handspings!" the children kept shouting.

Seppala grinned, tossed off his parka, and turned cartwheels the full length of the block. Suddenly he jumped to his feet and whistled. Eighteen small dogs—fifty-to-sixty pound dogs are called small in Alaska—swarmed around him.

Then, from out the mound of fur, came their master's voice. "You've had enough now, boys. Find your places."

I gasped in amazement as each dog jostled to his place along the tow-line, stretched out in front of the sled which was snubbed fast to a stout post. "Leonhard," as everybody called him, hooked the dogs, two by two, onto the towline, piled the long, narrow, low sled full of youngsters, and drove away.

I stood there fascinated, watching the sleek-coated team swing off with such perfect rhythm. And this champion dog man would be driving that beautiful team back across Alaska to Nome! I felt a tingling all over. If only I could sit in that sled and race across Alaska behind those marvelous dogs!

I had come into the country with Mrs. Caroline Armstrong, an old time Alaskan, and so I talked over my ambition with her.

"That trip is exactly what you need to tone you up," she said. "Leonhard is returning anyway, so I'm sure the fare will be reasonable."

She arranged for us to meet him, and in my mind everything was settled: But the famous Leonhard startled me with his first remark. "I don't want to be bothered with girls. Besides, you're a cheechako. You don't know about trail travel. You don't know what punishment is on the trail."

Mrs. Armstrong had told me that it was quite proper for girls to go unchaperoned on dog-team journeys. The high cost of travel and the difficulty of carrying unnecessary "burdens" had established the custom. Seppala just didn't wish to

be bothered with me. But after a long discussion, with a lot of promises on my part, he finally gave in.

"All right," he said, "if you think you can take it like a man, you can go. But you can't wear that fancy fur coat. It's full of holes." He meant the buttonholes and the slit any coat has in order to get it on.

So I dressed myself in flannel breeches and shirt, parka (a hooded, one-piece fur garment), mukluks (fur boots), and Siwash mitts (large fur mittens). Along with the party were Chris Gudmensen, an Icelandic fur buyer, and a deputy marshal from the Yukon. The latter had been sick and therefore it was he who rode in the basket of Leonhard's sled.

"Where do I ride?" I asked innocently.

"You don't ride," the dog king said. I had



ABOVE: TWO ROADHOUSES
AT WHICH TRAVELERS BY
DOG TEAM MAY SPEND
THE NIGHT ON THEIR
CROSS-COUNTRY TRIPS

CIRCLE: LEONHARD SEP-
PALA, DOG KING OF THE
NORTH, WHO TRAINED
HIS SIBERIAN RACING
TEAM TO LIGHTNING SPEED
AND INSTANT OBEDIENCE



TOGO, LEADER OF SEPPALA'S TEAM, MOST TRAVELED DOG IN THE
WORLD, CHAMPION TROPHY WINNER OF ALASKA WHO MADE THE
FASTEST RUN IN THE FAMOUS SERUM DRIVE TO NOME IN 1925

learned by this time that a world-champion dog racer was talking. "You'll take a light sled and three dogs. Try not to get too far behind."

He gave me concise instructions. The driver stands on small platforms extending from the runners at the rear of the sled. The brake, a narrow springboard affair with sharp steel teeth on the under side, comes out between the runners. With the pressure of the foot, the steel teeth bite down into the hard-packed snow and stop the team.

There is a framework on the sled called a basket, which is higher in the rear and has a curved piece of wood, called a "bow," over the back by which the driver can steady himself as he stands on the runners. Dogs are guided entirely by word of mouth. The leader—always the most intelligent dog—understands almost everything; the others follow him. The commonest commands are *straighten up*; *all right*; *gee*; *haw*; *steady*; and *whoa*. *Come-gee* means a right U-turn; *come-haw* a left one. *Mush* is often used instead of *all right*.

Siberian dogs are good-natured. They are never hit with anything more formidable than a fur glove. Leonhard gave me, for leader, Scotty, namesake of A. A. "Scotty" Allen, former dog king.

"I'm giving you Scotty because he knows so much more than you do about the trail," Leonhard said reasonably.

I was certainly crazy to go, but I have to admit that I felt a little shaky as I stepped on the sled runners and saw the other

teams pull out ahead of me. The dog king, with fifteen dogs and his burden, the convalescent, led the procession; the Iclander, with seven big Husky dogs, came second; and I brought up the rear. My team was keeping up all right, but I couldn't help fearing that I might fall behind, or a storm might come up, or wolves might descend upon me and my tiny team.

But gradually the

exhilaration of standing on the sled runners and driving three of the famous racers made me forget everything but the thrill of the ride. And then, suddenly, Scotty glanced off to the right and almost instantly darted off the trail. My heart rose in my throat. I forgot there *was* such a thing as a brake until after Scotty had made a perfect semicircle and brought us very neatly onto the trail again, just ahead of the Iclander's team.

Later, when Seppala asked me if I had forgotten that my sled had a brake, I shook in my fur boots, but I reminded him that he had told me that Scotty knew much more than I did about the trail, and I was sure that he did.

The second day out, Leonhard gave me two more dogs and said dryly, "I don't want you wearing out those three little dogs, trying to beat me to Nome."

We weren't far from the Arctic Circle, it was the middle of February, and it was supposed to be cold—but it rained. Here we were, riding along the rim of the Arctic behind the fastest dog team in the world, and plowing through slush at about the rate of a good snail! We were miles from any scheduled roadhouse, but at sundown Seppala spied a tumble-down building. He went ahead, talked to the owner, then motioned us to come along.

"You can all bunk in this room," the roadhouse owner said. "She's not leaking bad, and we'll fix up a curtain in that dry corner for the little cheechako." Just then a pent-up pool of water splashed from the ceiling into the room. He cocked a droll eye. "She never leaks when it's sixty below," he said.

I rather insisted upon the convalescent's taking the dry corner, but they put him in the kitchen by the stove. In the morning I accidentally entered a completely dry room, and there, in beds of dry hay, rested the famous Seppala team. The dogs were too valuable to be given inferior quarters.

At breakfast the owner said, "The snow's getting so heavy with rain is why my dog kennel caved in."

"That's all right," Leonard said amiably, "the dogs slept just as comfortably in the house." I learned then that racing dogs get first choice and people take what's left over.

The weather tightened up to twenty-five below, and soon we were racing along on the broad, ice-locked Yukon. Leonhard had given me additional dogs until I was now driving seven—seven well-matched racers, straight ears alert, tails curled cockily, red pompons marking rhythm. I knew then just how it was to "feel like a million." The earth was aglitter and the dogs went like the wind. (Continued on page 49)



THE DOG KING IN HIS FUR PARKA POSES SIX OF HIS RACING SIBERIANS ALONG THE TRAIL

A TRAPPER WITH A SLED OF FURS BEGINS THE LONG JOURNEY TO THE TRADING POST, KNOWING HIS DOG TEAM WILL MAKE THE MILES SLIDE SWIFTLY AWAY



Photograph by Ewing Galloway



JOEL WAS LEANING ON THE FOOT OF HIS MOTHER'S BED WHEN KATE CAME IN. MRS. RONCA SAT ERECT, HER CHEEKS FLUSHED

SKY RABBITS *Unlimited*

PART FOUR

NEXT day Kate moved into the Ronca house, so that she could watch beside poor, unnerved Mrs. Ronca part of the night, and read her to sleep.

These feverish night hours seemed endless. Mrs. Ronca slept little, but lay awake and searched the corners of the room with bright, irrational eyes. Often she wouldn't answer when Kate asked her questions.

"Shall I read now, Mrs. Ronca?"

Mrs. Ronca would stare without a word. In desperation Kate would begin to read, stumbling and plunging over her unfamiliar task. Often the tortured eyes would droop and close. Sometimes, though, they remained wide, and sometimes Mrs. Ronca would murmur brokenly, "Stop. Stop now, please." But Kate usually went on, feeling it was the only way of helping her to sleep.

The little room Kate occupied was an escape and a pleasure to her. When she woke to see the framed hillside on two sides of her, with a chewink scratching the leaves briskly outside there; the dark blue draperies and creamy woodwork; the rubbed walnut furniture; and the picture of a wrinkled old woman with a white cowl shining out of a rich, dark background—then she couldn't suppress the swift springing of joy in her heart. How beautiful, how—comely! That was

Busy with her tasks as nurse and house-keeper, and with Mrs. Ronca safely past the crisis, Kate was happy—until she was forced to face a crisis of her own

By ELEANOR HULL

a new word Mr. Ronca had used, and she had looked it up. It fitted this life, with its rough edges smoothed away and every vessel of use shaped to beauty. It fitted the sky rabbits.

But outside her own door, contentment deserted her. There was the cold, littered house waiting for her to make it orderly; there were Joel and Mr. Ronca, ready, in gloomy abstraction, for their breakfast; there was Miss Benson, the crisp swishing of her skirt whispering fear and the cold impersonality of her face reminding them of the danger lying in wait.

On the twelfth day of Mrs. Ronca's illness, Joel and Kate started out together, as usual, through the scrub-oak patch to the rabbit hutches. Joel carried the water and filled the stone water crocks, while Kate followed with the bag of feed. These

were their few minutes of sunshine out of a day of shadow.

"Guinevere," Kate reproved, unwillingly tender, "why won't you eat the scrub oak, the nice, juicy scrub oak we offer you, instead of gnawing your house and home? Look, Joel, she's made another scallop in her doorstep."

"It's like the witch's house in *Hansel and Gretel*," said Joel. "Remember, it was gingerbread and had a doorstep of taffy, or something? Mother used to read it to me." He stopped suddenly and turned his head away.

Kate wrung her hands in impotent sympathy. "She'll be all right, Joel; she's getting along so well."

"This is the twelfth day," said Joel, his voice unsteady.

Kate knew it. She had felt it in the tension of that silent house. The day that would probably mark the crisis.

"If only I'd been decent," Joel flung out. "If only I'd done what she wanted me to. But, of course, I had to have my own way about everything, and when they came out here on purpose to—help me, I suppose they thought—I was so beastly about it. I knew they really couldn't follow out my plans, but I wouldn't even listen to their plans. I guess it's really tough to be parents—of a fellow like me. And now—"

Kate didn't know what to do. What he said was true. But he was so wretched her heart ached to comfort him.

Then she heard it. "The doctor's car!" she cried.

Without wasting a moment they sped back to the house. They were all in the living room, their impatience tethered by fear, when the doctor came out of Mrs. Ronca's bedroom.

"Well, well," he said, and those inexpressive words were enough, as he'd intended them to be, because of their cheerful tone. "I think—I really think I may say—that she's passed the crisis. With care, another week will see her through the hard part of the illness, and then we can look for her to get well pretty quickly."

Joel helped Kate get dinner that night, and it was steak again, and baked potatoes that were big and mealy and rich with yellow butter. Kate made a pineapple upside-down cake with great trepidation, and served its golden stickiness with blobs of rich cream, whipped from the top of the milk Mom had sent over.

"Never were such baked potatoes on land or sea," said Mr. Ronca. Even Miss Benson smiled. Even Kate smiled.

From that time Kate's spirits soared. In spite of Miss Benson, and—when Miss Benson had left—in spite of Mrs.

Ronca, whose convalescence seemed sometimes like just pure sulkiness. It was such a satisfaction to learn things, even about cooking. Kate could make the fire burn now, and keep the toast unburned. She could get the orange juice into the glasses without smearing or seeds.

One morning she spoke to Joel as he came out for breakfast, looking unnatural, as he always did in the morning, with his hair smacked flat. "Do you suppose your mother would like one of those fancy napkins on her tray?"

"Swell. She likes things dainty," said Joel approvingly, so Kate hardly minded when Mrs. Ronca eyed the pretty tray unenthusiastically, and said she didn't care for anything but orange juice and coffee.

"You must try to eat the toast," Kate urged, arranging pillows and tidying up the bed table. "The doctor said you ought to eat more, you know."

She ran back to the living room just in time, as she had expected, to meet Mr. Ronca coming out of his room and adjusting his coat. Joel, too, stood in the doorway.

"Do you know, I have the most glorious idea," she cried, beaming from one to the other of them.

"Yes?" Mr. Ronca smiled.

Joel grinned expectantly. "You going to redecorate the house?" he suggested.

Kate made a face. "I wouldn't change this house one iota," she said. "No, it's about my future life."

"Hold on! What kind of an announcement is this?" Joel protested.

Kate tossed her head. "I'm going to run a rabbit farm myself," she proclaimed. "I'm going to make hutches out of the old chicken pens in our back yard, and I'm going to call it *Sky Rabbits, Unlimited*."

Mr. Ronca's eyebrows went up. "Fine, Kate," he applauded. "It's a good incentive, and a very practical goal."

But Joel frowned. "I thought you had some ambition," he exclaimed. "I thought you wanted an

education. I thought you wanted to amount to something. *Sky Rabbits, Unlimited*—in Sky Rock, limited!" He got up and slammed out of the room.

Kate's chin was set as she carried the dishes to the kitchen. For the moment her lovely plan was spoiled for her.

Then the door swung and Mr. Ronca pushed in, looking as he always did, misplaced in the kitchen. "Did you see my fountain pen out here?" he asked; and without waiting for an answer, he went on, "There's no reason why you can't set up a little rabbit farm of your own, Kate, nor why you can't

The Story So Far

To Kate Brown, sixteen and just graduated from high school in the tiny Rocky Mountain town of Sky Rock, the future looked bleak. Her Aunt Elizabeth, dean of women in a Kansas college, had refused to help her through college, saying that anybody who really wanted an education could find a way to get it. But Kate's widowed mother had only a small pension with which to support the family—herself, Kate, fifteen-year-old Ruth, and eleven-year-old Matt—and the only available job was that of maid in the home of the Roncas, newcomers who had started an Angora rabbit farm in Sky Rock after Mr. Ronca's business in the East had failed.

Kate decided to apply for the job and was accepted. She enjoyed the new interests revealed by life in the Roncas' home; she loved caring for the rabbits; and she was drawn to Mr. Ronca and to Joel, an attractive but unhappy boy who bitterly resented his parents' inability to send him to Harvard, as he had planned. She did not, however, please Mrs. Ronca. Headstrong Kate, executive and capable, was used to taking responsibility and speaking her mind with candor—but to her employer she seemed merely bossy. After the girl had hung curtains which Mrs. Ronca did not like, and had spoiled the paint by cleaning it with the wrong soap instead of asking what to use, she further offended, during the shearing of the rabbits, by warning Mrs. Ronca peremptorily not to sit on an old log—possibly full of ticks—lest she contract the dreaded Rocky Mountain tick fever. Nevertheless, when Mrs. Ronca actually did contract the disease, Kate—who had helped nurse Fritz Gerber, a neighbor, through tick fever—was able to give the proper remedies and to care for her until the doctor arrived.

Illustrated
by CORINNE
MALVERN



make a success of it. We'll be behind you."

"You're such a dear!" Kate burst out impulsively. "I don't see why Joel isn't more like you." She broke off, but not soon enough. Mr. Ronca's smile as he went out was a little wry.

But Kate's dreams now soared again, and when she went out to feed the rabbits, her feet were light. She had twenty-five dollars saved from her pay, hidden in her handkerchief box, and she could afford to make plans. When she had fifty dollars she could get a breeding buck and several does, and have a good start. *Sky Rabbits, Unlimited*. If Joel's scornful remark rankled in her mind, she did her best to ignore it.

"Here, Galahad," she said, reaching a gentle hand toward that tractable animal. Galahad hopped softly toward her, one of his heavy tasseled ears flopping forward over his garnet eye. Galahad was growing out nicely, and was covered with almost two inches of exquisite wool.

Her thoughts flew on to the first of her baby rabbits—and the shearing; she pictured boxes and boxes packed full of gossamer wool, and a bank book filling rapidly with figures, and Aunt Elizabeth coming for a visit and remarking, "This is exactly what I meant," and she saw a college campus with large trees and old buildings.

"Come on, Gally," she said, returning to her favorite. "Let's go and cheer up Mrs. Ronca. She said this morning she didn't want to see you, but how could she help wanting to? If you can't please her, nobody can."

Galahad perched willingly on Kate's shoulder, and nuzzled her ear for a second with a moist pink nose. He was the most chummy of all the rabbits, and much more gentle than the other bucks.

Joel was leaning on the foot of his mother's bed when Kate came in, and Mrs. Ronca was sitting upright, her pale cheeks flushed. She was looking at a catalog Joel had evidently just spread open before her. Both glanced up impatiently at the interruption of Kate and Galahad, then turned back to the pamphlet.

"Don't call it a college," Joel said cuttingly. "They don't even have a department of economics, only two miserable courses. It's a game of tiddledywinks compared to a real university. Uncle Jason had a nerve to send me such a catalog."

"I suppose he thought you might want to take advantage of the opportunity next year," Mrs. Ronca murmured. "The tuition is so reasonable."

"And you think I should," cried Joel bitterly. "Oh, I know! I know that you and Dad were really pleased when the business failed, so I couldn't go to Harvard. You thought it would be good for me to go to a cheap school and associate with ignorant people. But I tell you, it would be the same as ending my career before I started it. Imagine having to go through life admitting that Harkness was your Alma Mater, the cradle of your intellect!"



Kate had forgotten Galahad, though she still held him on her shoulder with one brown hand; she had forgotten Mrs. Ronca and her illness. She stared at Joel with wide-open blue eyes. "You mean you had a chance to go to Harkness?" she cried. "And didn't take it?"

Joel frowned at her, his dark face somber. "And don't intend to," he snapped.

For a moment Kate looked like an archangel, her spirit lifting her like wings. "I'd give anything in the world," she cried, "for such a chance. And, Joel, don't you remember what you said when your mother was sick—about doing what she wanted?"

Joel moistened his lips and looked away. But before he could shape a reply, Mrs. Ronca's voice lifted itself tremulously.

"Oh, I can't stand it," she quavered, her thin hands catching each other convulsively. "You—you do nothing but put



"WHY, LITTLE MATT!" SHE SAID. "WHAT ON EARTH'S THE MATTER?"

us in the wrong. You—you just make life unbearable. I can't stand people who have to do things their own way, and are always so sure they're right." She began to sob. "Oh, I do wish—I do wish you'd go away."

Color and life and enthusiasm drained out of Kate. "You mean—me?" she faltered.

Mrs. Ronca spread her fingers in front of her face, and her shoulders shook. "I'm sorry," she sobbed. "I'm—I'm still weak."

Without another word Kate turned, and with Galahad clasped in her arms, she went out.

RUTHIE, a couple of days later, revolved before the glass to perfect her row of polished curls.

"I hate like blazes to do it," she repeated.

"Nonsense," said Kate from the bed, where she lay watch-

ing. "It's the only thing to do. After all, why shouldn't you?"

"I'd never even have thought of such a thing, if you hadn't insisted on it," said Ruth. "And I know they wouldn't have had the nerve to ask me."

"Well, it's a good thing there's somebody around with some common sense," said Kate dryly. "You're the perfect solution to their problem—little and pretty and polite. By the time school begins, Mrs. Ronca will be well enough so that your help after school and Saturdays will be enough. And you'll have a chance to earn some money and absorb culture."

Ruth looked at her uncertainly. She went to the bed and gave Kate a little pat. "Don't—don't feel upset," she said. "It's just because she's sick. And they all begged you to stay."

As soon as Ruthie's light step had set the old stair creaking, Kate burst into sobs. "It isn't fair, it just isn't fair," she wept into the quilt.

Everything was gone. Her pleasure in the Angora rabbits, her dream about having her own farm, her newly happy life in the Ronca household, all her hopes and plans. And why? Because she had tried too hard to help them all out. And all it had accomplished was to make Mrs. Ronca want her out of the house.

"I hope she chokes on Ruthie's scrambled eggs," she thought with wry humor, but half seriously, too. Ruthie certainly couldn't cook. Kate had wanted Ruth to have the job, but her having it did hurt.

She sprang out of bed to break through the numb hopelessness that bound her, poured cold water into the washbowl, and bathed her swollen face. Half an hour later she appeared in the kitchen in her best green dress. Only a pink puffiness around her eyes and nose betrayed her.

"Where you off to, now?" asked Mom, looking up from her bread board. "To find another job?"

"There aren't any others," Kate said somberly. "The hotel's help is all hired, and even the hamburger joint's got a girl. I thought I'd go over and see Lena."

"I'm baking a lemon pie, so be sure you're home for dinner," Mom told her.

"All right," said Kate. "Well, 'by." She went out, a little warmed by tenderness toward her mother. Mom might not say anything, but she knew lemon was Kate's favorite pie.

Lena's little frame house sagged on its foundations and needed paint. However, there were sweet peas growing over the fence, and inside an untidy, rich tangle of flowers. Lena straightened up from a flower bed as Kate pushed open the gate.

"Hi, Kate," Lena cried happily. "Do come over here and see my double nasturtiums. You never seen anything like them."

"They are pretty, but I saw some bigger ones at Mrs. Gerber's," said Kate. "I think that woman feeds her flowers butter. Where's Lindalee?"

Lena's forehead wrinkled. "She's supposed to be taking her nap, but land, she yells every other minute." As she spoke a thin little siren rose on the air.

Kate strode into the house, and into the bedroom where the crib stood beside Lena's brass bed. Lindalee sat in the crib peering dolefully out between the bars, but when she saw Kate, her pointed little face brightened and she tried to pull herself up.

"She still don't stand up," mourned Lena, at her cousin's heels.

Kate scooped the baby into tender arms. "The little darling's hot and uncomfortable," she murmured. "Where are her clean things, Lena?" She dropped the baby on Lena's bed and changed her clothes deftly, stopping to kiss the baby's creamy, round stomach, while Lindalee went into storms of giggles and wiggles.

"It's akshully a treat to see somebody handle a baby like it was fun," said Lena. "Of course, if I didn't have the responsibility, and wasn't so worried (Continued on page 38)



Photograph
by Paul Parker

SENIOR SCOUTS ENJOY PLAYING SANTA CLAUS, AND THEY FEEL JUST LIKE HIS LIEUTENANTS WHEN THEIR SCOUT ROOMS ARE TRANSFORMED INTO TOYLAND AND THEY ALL WORK TOGETHER RENOVATING OLD TOYS THAT WILL BRING JOY TO NEEDY CHILDREN ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

Photograph by Paul Parker



GIRL C

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Photograph by Paul Parker

TWO BROWNIES WON THE COVETED PRIVILEGE OF RIDING THE YULE LOG ON ITS WAY TO BE SET ON FIRE, THE REVIVAL OF AN OLD CHRISTMAS CUSTOM BY GIRL SCOUTS OF CHEYENNE, WYOMING

RIGHT, ABOVE: IT'S FUN TO UNPACK THE GLITTERING FRAGILE BAUBLES TO DECK THE CHRISTMAS TREE, AND TO RECALL ALL THE MERRIMENT OF BYGONE CHRISTMASSES

LEFT: WHAT COULD PUT ONE INTO A CHEERIER CHRISTMAS MOOD THAN A BRISK TRAMP THROUGH SNOWY WINTER WOODS TO FIND, AND THEN DRAG HOME, THE YULE LOG?



L SCOUTS

ontribute

RITMAS

CHEER



RIGHT: CHRISTMAS IS THE TIME FOR GIVING PARTIES. HERE A SENIOR SCOUT HOSTESS LIGHTS THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE ON AN INVITINGLY ARRANGED TEA TABLE



Photograph by Paul Parker

BELOW: FULFILLING ONE OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE HANDYWOMAN BADGE HELPED TO MAKE THIS GIRL SCOUT PROFICIENT IN WRAPPING PACKAGES, A SKILL THAT ADDS TO HER FUN IN ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING AND CURIOSITY-AROUSING PRE-CHRISTMAS CHORES

Photograph by Paul Parker



GIRL SCOUTS OF TROOP 10, CHEYENNE, WYOMING, LEARNED ABOUT INTERIOR DECORATION WHEN THEY DESIGNED AND MADE MODEL ROOMS FOR CHILDREN IN HOSPITALS

LEFT: CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR THE TRAVELER! GIRL SCOUTS OF TROOP 5, BATAVIA, NEW YORK, FELT THAT SOMETHING OUGHT TO BE DONE TO PROVIDE A BREATH OF CHRISTMAS FOR PEOPLE WHO HAVE TO TRAVEL ON CHRISTMAS DAY. SO THEY PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER AND DECIDED ON YULETIDE BOUTONNIÈRES. THEY COLLECTED SMALL PINE CONES AND CEDAR TWIGS, MADE RED BERRIES FROM CELLOPHANE, AND FASHIONED THEM INTO ATTRACTIVE BUTTON-HOLE BOUQUETS. HERE THEY ARE AT THE STATION READY TO PRESENT ONE TO EACH PASSENGER ON THROUGH TRAINS



CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS



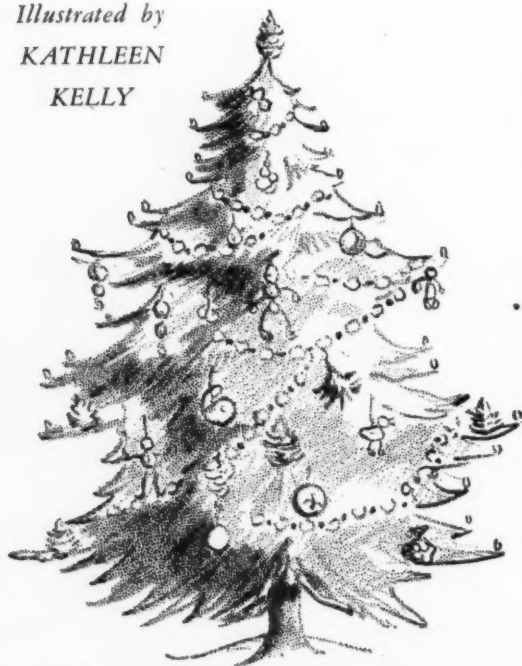
NEW ORNAMENTS FOR CHRISTMAS TREES

OLD Mother Nature has a Christmas stocking that is just bulging with all kinds of things to help you trim your tree, or decorate your home or troop meeting place this year. Don't do all your shopping in the stores, but go looking for bargains in Mother Nature's treasure store. The price will please you, too, for you will need only a keen eye, some good imagination, and time to go prowling around in the fields and woods, with a few man-made helps to add to the effectiveness of what you find. Seed pods, acorns, cones, nuts, gourds, shells, pop corn, and cranberries are a few of the treasures you may use to make unusual and attractive decorations for your tree. Mother Nature doesn't make any extra charge, either, for the fun that you can have on a "shopping" trip in her out-of-doors; she likes you to throw in a hike, or a cook-out, while you are gathering ornaments-in-the-making. It is especially fun to do the gathering and the making in a group, as no two decorations will ever be the same and it is amazing to see what other people can do to match your own special inventions! All of these suggestions may not be useful in all parts of the country, so you will need to look for the things that grow near your own locality. There will be something interesting there, wherever you live, and these ideas may start you off.

Illustrated by

KATHLEEN

KELLY



ACORNS, PINE CONES, SEED PODS, NUTS, SHELLS,
AND GOURDS HELP TO TRIM THIS CHRISTMAS TREE

Almost anything you find in the woods and fields will lend itself to being a Christmas tree ornament. You will want bright things that catch the gleam from the tree lights, or from the candles on the mantel; you will want varied sizes of things to go on the small top branches, the middle branches, or the big lower branches; some of the ornaments should dangle from fine strings or threads, so that they will turn in the air.

Some of these articles you will want to leave in their natural state, but others you may want to brighten with a little color. Avoid too much color, since much of the beauty of Mother Nature's treasures lies in their own colorings. You can make natural objects shiny by painting with thin shellac; this also helps to preserve them. Sometimes just a bit of touching up on the tips of cones, or nuts, will bring out their lovely shades.

For tools you will need a jackknife with a small blade, and something to punch holes; the punch on your jackknife will do, or a very large needle, or an ice pick, or an awl. You will need glue or mending cement, some fine wire, dark thread, ribbon, yarn, or string, some white shellac and a brush, and paints. For paints, many people use show-card colors; white is especially good for tips of things; bright colors like red, green, and blue are often used and produce a flat bright covering. A good type of paint is known as *bronze powder paint* which comes in powder form

in many lovely colors, and gives a metallic covering; it may be had in gold, silver, red, green, blue, and so forth. This is especially good for the inside of seed pods and the outside of nuts. You may buy the powder in one-ounce envelopes or in larger quantities at any good hardware store; a liquid for mixing the powder comes with it. You will probably have all you need of any one color in an envelope; for gold or silver, purchase powder by the can. Pick the lightest colors that are on the color card. The gold or silver powder is good to sprinkle lightly over show-card paint; put it on before the paint is dry. For the bronze paint, get a brush for each color you have; with show-card paints you can wash brushes in water, so one brush is all you need. With plenty of newspapers to work on, several jar tops, or old saucers for mixing your paints, jars for cleaning brushes when you have finished with them, and some old rags for keeping your fingers clean, you are ready to go ahead. Here are a few ideas:

CONES of PINE, HEMLOCK, SPRUCE, etc.: If the cones are still tight, leave them near heat to open up, and shake the seeds out. Paint with thin white shellac to keep the natural color. Tie a string, ribbon, or wire under the top scales. Try painting just the under side of the scales, or tip the ends of each scale with white or with a color, using white underneath to accentuate the color. Try making a long garland of tiny cones to festoon from the top to the bottom of the tree, or make rings of tiny cones to hang from branches—hemlock cones are good for this. Mix your colors for a gay effect; a large needle will be a good tool to use, sewing with bright yarn. Tie your wire or string to some of the cones so that they can hang from the branches; tie others so they rest on top of the branches, tying in a small crotch to make it look as if the cone grew there.

SEED PODS of WITCH HAZEL, MILK WEED, LOCUST, CATALPA, etc.: These are good to hang from branches, especially the long narrow ones that will turn as they dangle. Paint them with a bright color inside, and gold or silver outside; hang with fine thread to make them dangle well. Small pods like witch hazel can be strung in festoons. Dried flower heads like teasel make interesting ornaments, too.

NUTS, SWEET GUM or SYCAMORE BALLS, OAK APPLES, ACORNS, or HORSE-CHESTNUTS: These can be painted or shellacked. They may present more of a problem than those already mentioned in fastening the string or wire, but this can be solved by using your awl, or ice pick, to make a small hole, then insert the end of the string or wire, and fill the hole with mending cement. With soft things like acorns, you can make a little slit with your knife and insert the end of the string. A small knot tied in the end of the string will hold better than the plain end. If the nuts or balls seem heavy, try splitting them in half very carefully, removing the inside, and glueing the two halves together again, holding fast with an elastic band until dry. Put in your wires or strings before you paint, for easier handling. Small articles can be dipped in a container of the paint, then hung up to dry. Tie the string to a stick, and then place the stick between two boxes, so the nut or ball hangs between. Experiment with your colors, for the best arrangements. Try a graduated string of nuts, or garlands of small seeds and nuts. Bright seeds, such as those of the red bud, mesquite, or barberry, add gaiety to festoons.

SHELLS may be used in many ways; pretty bright ones, or white ones are nicest left in their natural state. Tiny ones can be added to festoons. Make graduated drops of them to dangle from bough tips.

GOURDS are good to use because of their odd shapes and bright colors. Collect the tiniest ones you can, and dry them well; then shellac them and insert strings as you did in the nuts.

OUT-OF-DOORS

by CATHERINE T. HAMMETT

of the Girl Scout National Staff

The out-of-doors is a treasure house for the girl who wishes to deck the family Christmas tree with woodsy beauty this year—and to save pennies by making the Christmas decorations herself

CRANBERRIES and FLUFFY WHITE POP CORN KERNELS are fine for festoons and garlands. (The most fun is eating the pop corn that splits!) Use a needle and thread to make the garland. Try putting a cranberry on the end of each branch of the tree; use common pins and don't miss a single end, if you want a really lovely effect.

LITTLE DOLLS to dance on the boughs may be made with any of these articles. Use bright-colored elastic bands, or hat elastic for the arms and legs. Small nuts, acorns, or seeds make the hands and feet, and larger nuts, horse-chestnuts, shells, or cones form the body and the head. Insert the elastics in the same way you did the strings in the balls. Use mending cement, and leave the doll lying down for a good space of time, to give the cement time to harden. Acorn caps make good hats, or shoes.

HOUSE DECORATIONS

SO MUCH for your tree ornaments! Have you considered any other ways to use the treasures you have found? Let's give a thought to the other decorations in the house. If you have a place to hang a bright-colored charm, or fiesta string, you can make one of gourds, cones, fruits such as apples, or vegetables such as peppers, or similar objects. The cones or gourds should hang in a spray or cluster, with something green to set them off. Natural cones and gourds make especially nice charm strings for the outside of a door; brightly colored ones are generally used for fiesta strings. These are especially good for a space between windows, or in a room that is too small for a tree.

For wreaths, table, mantel, or door decorations, you can sometimes find and make use of bits of evergreen left after trees have been pruned, or discovered after a storm that has broken branches; or if you live in a city, there may be chances to obtain broken bits of trees at the retail stands, if you ask a dealer to save them for you instead of throwing them away. Sometimes a damaged tree can be bought for a few cents, and the branches cut to make wreaths or other decorations. Hemlock and pine are better for decorations for the outside of doors, than for inside use, since hemlock needles drop quickly and pine needles turn brown in heated houses. Leaves of any trees or bushes that stay green until Christmas may be used.

Christmas candlesticks from gray or white birch, or other logs, make attractive centerpieces, but cut logs only from trees or branches that have already fallen in the woods. Logs from two-to-three inches in diameter are good. Saw into lengths from eight-to-twelve inches long; bore one-inch holes in the top, one for each candle; and flatten on the under side with a hand axe. You may need to sandpaper a bit on sides and bottom. Use two or three red candles. Trim with an evergreen branch and a bright ribbon. For a single candle, stand a chunk of wood on end, and bore a candle hole in it.

Try making place cards for Christmas dinner with a tiny spray of evergreen placed on a card with a flowerpot painted on it to resemble a Christmas tree. Tip some of the ends of the spray with gold paint.

If you would like to make a favor for each member of your family to wear on Christmas day, buy a spray of spruce with many cones, and cut it up. Tie several cones together with a piece of the green as a background, using a bright ribbon and adding a tiny gilt bell to tinkle. These will not last long, but will have a lovely woody fragrance.

GOOD outdoor citizens know that they should be sparing in what they take from the woods; also they will help any conservation efforts that are made in their localities. (Just before Christmas is a fine time to have someone from a local garden club come to a troop meeting to talk about greens and trees from this conservation point of view. Sometimes such a club sponsors the sale of trees with tags certifying that the evergreens have been especially grown for Christmas trees. It would be a good idea to find out whether such trees may be obtained in your locality.)

Although most of our Christmas trees and greens come from the woods, many girls are not fortunate enough to be able to go into the out-of-doors to gather their own greens, or chop down their trees. But there still is a chance for them to work with Mother Nature in using Christmas greens, even though these are purchased in town.

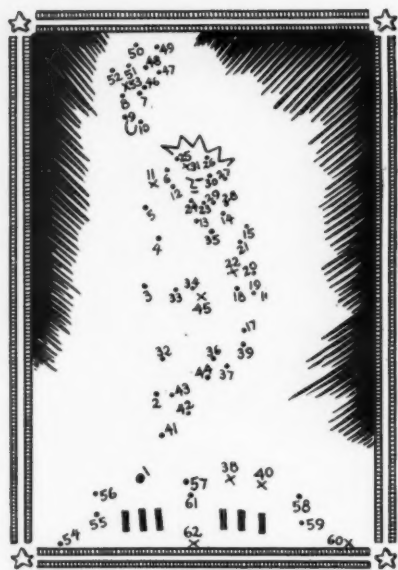
If you are interested in learning about the best kinds of trees for Christmas, a trip to the stands will be a fine adventure. Go at a time when the salesmen are not too busy, and there will surely be someone who will help you identify the different types of trees. Get to know something about the evergreens; choose a spruce or fir for an indoor tree, as



the needles of these stay on the tree longer than those of pine or hemlock. Plaster of Paris makes a fine base for a tree and serves, probably by sealing in the sap, to keep the needles on the tree for a longer period. Select a tin can that has a wide mouth, depending on the size of the tree; a one-pound coffee can is good for a small or medium-sized tree. Paint the can with enamel paint first, if you like. In the can, mix some plaster of Paris with water until it is just a bit thicker than pancake batter. Put the trunk of the tree in the plaster, and hold for about five minutes, or until it hardens. Put somewhere to cool, for the can will get hot as the plaster sets.

Do your fingers itch to get started? So do ours! Have fun looking in that overflowing Christmas stocking that Mother Nature has filled for your pleasure this holiday season.

The Wild Flower Preservation Society and the American Forestry Association, both at Washington, D. C., will give information on conservation of greens in any locality.



It's easy to draw this famous American lady! Just follow from dot to dot with a pencil. Stop at each "x" and start again at the next numbered dot. THEN SEND US YOUR DRAWING AND WE'LL SEND YOU A FREE PENNANT FOR YOUR BIKE OR YOUR ROOM!

and it's
easier to pedal and
easier to stop
when your bike has
the big, safe
**MORROW
COASTER
BRAKE!**

Haven't you noticed how much more easily you can *pedal* some bicycles, and how much more quickly and surely you can *stop* them with just a little back-push on the pedals?

You'll usually find, if you look at the back-wheel hubs of those easy-running, sure-stopping bikes, that they've got famous Morrow Coaster Brakes! Dad and Mother probably had Morrow Brakes on *their* bikes when they were children, because these fine coaster brakes have been "tops" since thirty-five and forty years ago!

You know a bike-hike is twice as much fun when it doesn't tire you out, and when you *know* you can stop easily and quickly. So, remember, when you're choosing your new bike, look for the name Morrow on the Coaster Brake arm. No matter what make of bicycle you pick, you can get it with a Morrow Coaster Brake if you remember to ask for it. You'll have more fun if you do!

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

KATTI'S GALÁPAGOS CHRISTMAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

needed. Her thoughts returned to the presents she had made. She had wrapped them all in white tissue paper and tied them with red and green knitting wool. The half dozen doilies for her mother were completed, the pipe and pouch for Mr. Ruder, and the handkerchief and handkerchief case for Mrs. Ruder. There was a present for each one—except for Father. No matter how hard she had racked her brains, she hadn't been able to think of anything for him.

Katti had so wanted to give her father something wonderful. It was hard work carrying water to the vegetable garden night and morning, dragging in firewood, making furniture, and adding to their home. Then, this morning, he had had to walk down the steep path, his arms piled high with all the food they had prepared for the celebration. It didn't seem fair that he had to work so hard.

Looking from the kitchen door, Katti saw something moving in the distance. She peered along the winding path that led in and out among the spiny cactus trees. There seemed to be two figures, but they disappeared almost immediately into the undergrowth; and then she saw the figure of a man walking toward the house.

"Mrs. Ruder!" she called.

The woman moved to Katti's side, wiping her hands on the big white apron that covered her neat cotton dress. Shading her eyes, she looked up the path, following Katti's pointing finger.

"It looks like—why, it is!—it's old Svensen!" exclaimed Mrs. Ruder. "Now what has brought him down from the mountain? And on Christmas? I haven't seen him for three months, at least, and then only for a moment when I passed him on the trail." She turned toward Mama and her glance included Katti. "You don't know Svensen, do you?"

"Yes, ma'am," Katti answered. "I talked to him one day up on the mountain. And, oh, Mrs. Ruder—" she broke off, her face flushing as she began her confession.

But before she could continue, Mrs. Ruder exclaimed, "Talked to him? You must be mistaken, Katti. Why, Svensen never talks to anyone. I have never heard him say more than two words in all the years we have lived here. Now what on earth do you suppose is bringing him down?"

Katti had opened her mouth again to tell of her invitation, when her mother who was watching the old man curiously asked, "Has he always been like that—a hermit?"

"No, he hasn't. Ever since he's been on the island, yes—that's why he came here—but they say that once he was as nice a man as you could want to know. That was when he had his wife. I talked to a woman once who knew them both back in the old country. She said his wife was the sweetest woman she had ever seen, a real blonde like Katti here, with delicate pink skin. And Svensen, himself, was a good-looking man—though you would not believe it to see him now, so tattered and untidy."

"What happened to Mrs. Svensen?" Katti asked.

"He lost her, poor soul! Drowned, I think, somewhere off the coast of South America. And ever since he has been sort of peculiar."

There was no doubt, now, that the old hermit was making straight for the house. In

spite of his seventy years, he held himself as erect and walked as briskly as a young man. His bushy white beard parted in the center and blew back over his shoulders in the breeze he made as he walked. Katti had time to notice that his clothes were scrubbed and clumsily patched, before he arrived at the door. He must have come for Christmas, as she had asked him to do.

"Come in, come in, Svensen," said Mrs. Ruder, holding open the screen door hospitably.

"Merry Christmas," called Katti, smiling. Svensen made no reply to Mrs. Ruder, but as he passed Katti, she thought she noticed a twinkle in his eyes, and she heard a murmur that sounded like, "Merry Christmas!"

No one dared ask the gruff old man why he had come, and only Katti and Svensen knew of her impulsive invitation. But it was soon evident that he had no intention of leaving. Mama poured him a cup of strong Galápagos coffee (for no Scandinavian travels far without his coffee) and Katti gave him the biggest cinnamon roll from the center of the pan. It seemed as though Svensen was their most honored guest.

Now there was an extra bustle of excitement as the preparations moved forward at a faster pace. Katti was so busy that she forgot all about the old man, who sat quietly in a corner of the kitchen behind the big table, sipping his coffee.

Then, all was ready. There was a last-minute flurry as the women took off their aprons and smoothed their hair. The men were called, and the procession to the dining room, led by Mr. Ruder and Katti, began.

"Svensen, will you take Katti's mother in to dinner?" Mrs. Ruder asked.

There was an awkward pause. Suppose old Svensen refused to stay for their celebration? But the old man rose and, with what looked almost a bow, offered Katti's mama his arm.

In the center of the dinner table were flowers from Mrs. Ruder's garden which she had tended so carefully during the long dry season, watering it by hand with hoarded rain water. The cloth that covered the table was snowy white, no easy thing to achieve, Katti knew from experience, when the washing was done in brackish, sulphur-laden water.

But it was not the table that made their eyes shine, it was the feast spread upon it. What a dinner! The thickened turtle and chicken soup was a miracle of blended flavors, and even by itself it would have made a dinner for these island dwellers. Mrs. Ruder carried in the platter with two golden-brown, roasted chickens on it, stuffed with bread and the oysters Katti had helped pry loose from the rocky cliffs of the lagoon. There were mashed potatoes and gravy, too, and carrots from Katti's garden up the mountain. Almost everything had been raised, with the greatest effort, by the islanders themselves, and they did justice to the dinner—there was not much left of the chickens when they sat back from the table. Even old Svensen wiped his bearded mouth and gave a sigh that said, as plainly as words, "That was fine."

But the feast was not over yet. Mrs. Eklund and Mrs. Ruder had a surprise from which even Katti had been excluded. They disappeared into the kitchen, while the others, curious as to what more these women could produce from their slender resources, waited in the gathering dusk.

For now the sun was sinking, a brilliant

orange globe, into the western sea. Then slowly the moon rose over the horizon, casting a wide path of shimmering light across the water. Palm trees rustled in the freshening evening breeze, and the waves crept up over the pitted black lava, driving the iguanas and turtles into their holes for the night. The sea birds stopped their tireless screaming and retired to their nests in the volcanic cliffs that rose above the harbor. A sweet silence crept over the island.

From the dark hallway Mrs. Ruder appeared, triumphantly bearing a round, richly colored, steamed pudding on a platter. Stuck gaily in the top was a piece of the *myu-yu* tree in place of the traditional holly; blue flames licked the sides of the pudding.

IT WAS quite dark when the feast was over, and the oil lamp cast its pale yellow beam over the remains of the Christmas dinner. Katti, impatient now for the presents, looked around for them. Where had they gone? She had left hers here in the dining room, in readiness for this moment.

Mr. Ruder stood up and tapped his glass to call their attention. "Now, ladies," he said, "we men will take over!" He included Svensen who had eaten so silently and now had sunk back in his chair. "You have given us a dinner fit for the heroes of the Icelandic sagas and we are humbly grateful. You will please accompany us now to the living room."

Katti pushed back her chair, noticing that her father had disappeared. As she turned toward the living room, the curtains were drawn back, and she gasped in surprise.

For it was surprising. Of all things Katti had expected, on this Christmas Day on the Galápagos Islands, the last was a Christmas tree. True, the tree was not a pine or fir, only one of the scrubby bushes that covered the island, but it was so gaily decked out in red paper ornaments and white cotton snow that it looked as gaudy and gay as any Christmas tree. By the light of the four candles set around it Katti could see her presents—and a number more—piled under the tree.

She controlled her desire to jump up and down like a child instead of a fourteen-year-old girl, and they all seated themselves—Katti on a footstool at her mother's feet, old Svensen sunk deep in a big chair, and Papa perched on the edge of the desk. Mr. Ruder, his face half hidden by a beard made of gray-green island moss, played Santa Claus.

He picked up a package. "For Mrs. Eklund," he called out, handing one of Katti's presents to her mother. The girl watched as Mrs. Eklund unwrapped it, and smiled as Mama's face beamed in surprise. Everyone admired the doilies, and Mr. Ruder teased Katti about the lopsided one.

Then came the other presents. Mrs. Ruder was delighted with the satin handkerchief case, and Mr. Ruder immediately filled his new pipe and puffed while he gave out the other gifts.

To Katti's amazement, there were two for her. One was a new blue cotton dress made secretly by Mama and Mrs. Ruder, and the other was a small oil painting by Mrs. Ruder of the blue-green bay.

While the others were exclaiming over their gifts, Katti remembered one present she had not yet placed beneath the tree. Unnoticed, she slipped into Mrs. Ruder's bedroom where she had left her things. In a few minutes she was back with a package.

The pile of gifts had disappeared. Mr. Ruder picked up the one Katti had just brought and read, in a doubtful tone, "For



But it's Christmas Eve—you can't miss the Caroling!

"Gee, Lou, we've been rehearsing those carols for months now! You *can't* stay home and miss the fun."

"You don't think I *want* to, do you! It's just my luck! Christmas Eve would *have* to be the time when I feel so uncomfortable I can hardly walk a step."

"Oh, so *that's* it! Well, just walk next door to my house and I'll give you some Modess. Ever hear of it?"

"Yes, it's a sanitary napkin, isn't it? But I don't see . . ."

"Course, you don't, silly, if you've never used Modess. But wait till you try it and see how comfortable you feel. Come on

along with me, Lou, we've got to hurry!"

After the Carols

"Gosh, wasn't it wonderful? Those lovely songs . . . and the snow all silver in the moonlight. Didn't we have fun?"

"Including you, the girl with the Christmas Eve blues!"

"I'd forgotten all about them, thanks to you—and Modess. It's just as soft and comfortable as you said it was! I'm going to use it all the time."

"Good for you, Lou. And remember you can get it in two sizes—Regular, and Junior Modess, the narrower napkin."

Modess is softer

VOTED 3 OUT OF EVERY 4

Have you heard about the softness test?

• Professional investigators interviewed thousands of women in all sections of the country. The women were asked to feel two unidentified napkins and say which was softer. One was a leading "layer-type" napkin. The other was Modess—"fluff-type." All the women who were asked to make the test were users

of the "layer-type" napkin. Yet they voted Modess softer—3 out of every 4.

Buy a box of Modess today. If you don't find Modess more comfortable than any napkin you've ever used, we'll gladly refund the full purchase price. Just return the unused napkins to The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.



Christmas Cheer Leaders!

The *Brownie Novelty Pin* is a cute little trick of plastic in official uniform colors. 12-168 \$.10*

Add a gay note of color here or there with the *Girl Scout Novelty Pin* in colored plastic. 12-157 \$.10*

A dependable, sturdy *Wrist Watch* is this "Sweep Second" model by Ingersoll, with streamlined chromium case and pigskin strap. 12-170 \$3.95*

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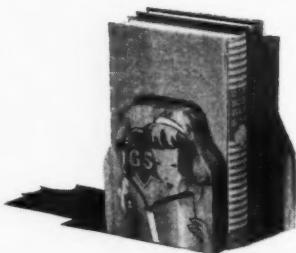
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dear Svensen, from the Eklunds, the Ruders, and Katti."

"Dear Svensen, indeed!" he mumbled to himself.

Katti stood, hands clasped in front of her, watching the old man eagerly. Would he like it? "It's really for you, Svensen, and a Merry, Merry Christmas," she cried.

Every person in the room stared at Svensen as he unwrapped his present. What could the child have found to give the strange old fellow? Inside the gay package, they soon saw, was a sturdy, brown leather case; then, a shining length of bright steel came into view. It was a hunting knife of fine Swedish steel. Of all presents, what could be more suitable for Svensen, the hermit, the hunter?

Mama looked at Katti and nodded approval. She knew how much this precious knife, a gift from Katti's Girl Guide troop before she left Sweden, meant to her.

Mr. Ruder spoke again. "That seems to be all, except for wishing everybody a Merry Christmas."

Katti looked around wildly. Were there really no more presents? She had hoped that *someone* would have found something special for her father. Everyone else had a few gifts, but her own dear father had only one and none from his daughter. If only she had been able to find something to give him!

"Not all!" Everyone's eyes turned to old Svensen, who had spoken only a few words since his arrival. "Not all!" he repeated. "Katti's present for her father isn't here yet."

Katti swallowed hard. If only he hadn't drawn attention to it!

The old man rose from his chair. "It will take a minute, but if you will wait, I will bring it in."

This was really amazing! What did Svensen mean? Even when they heard the sound of footsteps on the gravel walk leading to the porch, no one stirred. Not until Svensen called from the porch, "Here you are, Katti! Give your present to your father."

Katti arrived first on the porch, with the others behind her. In the light that streamed through the open door, they saw a strange sight. Behind Svensen, nuzzling his arm, stood a powerful, shaggy mule, unmistakably it was one of the wild mules that roamed over Indefatigable Island. But what was it doing here?

Svensen nodded, handed Katti the halter, and motioned toward her father. He had caught and tamed the animal so that she might have a Christmas gift for Papa.

Katti's father and the others knew what this animal would mean to a man trying to establish a home against the terrific odds of the Galápagos Islands. Papa shook hands warmly with Svensen, and kissed the bewildered Katti—and Katti herself flung her arms around the old man and gave him an impulsive hug. She hardly knew how to stammer her thanks. Why, nothing anybody could have thought of to give Papa could possibly have been as welcome as this strong work beast to help him with his tasks.

Indoors once more, Svensen's eyes searched their faces, as if probing for an explanation of their kindness and good will. Then, hesitantly reaching inside his shirt, he pulled out a small object wrapped in a tattered silk handkerchief, which he unwrapped and showed them with a kind of sorrowful pride. It was a miniature set in a delicately wrought, old-fashioned frame. There was something sweet and appealing about the pictured face, with its candid blue eyes and honey-colored hair.

"My wife, Anita," the old man told them

as they crowded around to look. "Katti is so like her."

"Svensen's dead wife!" whispered Mrs. Ruder aside to Mrs. Eklund.

"So that is why he was so taken with Katti," murmured Mama.

They studied the picture again. The old man was right—the face in the miniature might have been Katti's own. Even she, herself, could see the resemblance. A wave of happiness swept over her. For it was through her, at this strange Christmas on the barren Galápagos Islands, that the old man had found again the human touch and his way back into friendship with his neighbors.

TO THE RESCUE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

thick cushions of snow on its roof. Lisl pushed open the door, and both girls threw themselves on the floor inside. The place was cold and barren, but there was an iron stove in the corner, a pile of kindling, and an old saucepan. Lisl drew from her knapsack matches, a tin of tea, and a bar of chocolate; quickly she had a fire going, and the saucepan full of snow set to melting on top of the stove. Ann watched her with growing admiration. Lisl seemed so sure, so competent, as if she would know what to do in any emergency. "When we have had a hot drink," she said calmly, "then we feel better. How is the poor ankle now?"

"Not so bad when I don't stand on it," said Ann. "It's just a sprain, I'm sure. But I wonder if I'll ever have the courage to go skiing again after this."

"Oh, but this is just a little skiing adventure, Anna. I have known worse than this."

Lisl's voice dropped into silence, such silence that Ann became aware of the crackling of the fire, the bubbling of water in the saucepan, the hiss of the falling snow outside. The face of the Austrian girl, who looked fixedly into the red mouth of the open stove door, was suddenly full of loneliness and remembered fear.

Ann leaned over and put her hand timidly on Lisl's arm. "Tell me what you are thinking."

"Would you really like to hear? I should like, somehow, to tell you," Lisl answered. "Anyway, it will help the time to go."

It had been a night like this when she had left Austria for the last time, she said. The wind that came sweeping down over the Pass had been thick with snow flurries, but Lisl had been grateful for this concealing curtain. As it was, she dared not cross the open slopes, where her ski tracks would have been clear for any one to follow. She clung to the black shadow of the trees, coming out into the open only for that last long climb up to the Pass, that last wild swoop down, over the border into Switzerland.

"I have a brother," she explained. "Often before the Anschluss, he spoke openly against Hitler. Afterwards he is fortunate—he escapes to England. The Nazis could not get him, so they try to get me. But I fool them; here I am, safe and free, in America."

"My, but it's lucky you ski so well—you'd never have reached the border otherwise. Did you teach skiing in Austria, too?"

Lisl shook her blond head. "But no, absolutely. I am just a silly girl who enjoys herself. So, finally, when I reach your country

(Continued on page 38)

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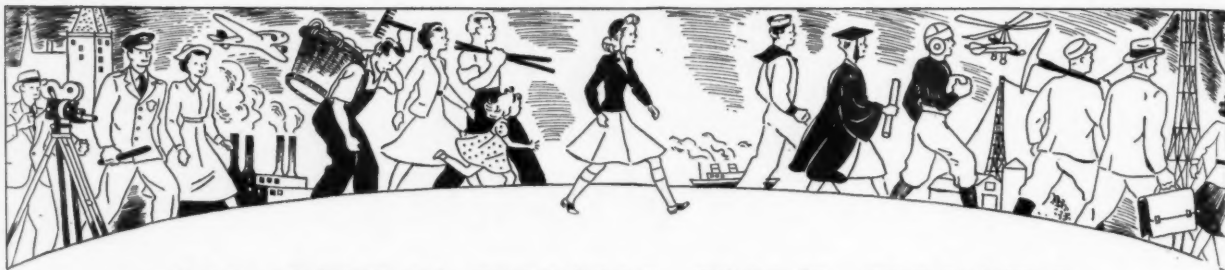
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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

SYMBOL OF A NATION'S SPIRIT

To-day, living in Chungking, capital of Free China, is one of the world's most remarkable women. Her name is May-Ling Soong Chiang Kai-shek. Youngest and most beautiful of the three famous Soong sisters, she is the wife of Chiang Kai-shek, China's generalissimo and leader in the long defensive fight against Japan.

For almost four and a half years now the Japanese have been attempting the enormous job of conquering all China—a country which, counting both the free and the occu-



pied parts, includes about one fifth of the human race, some four hundred and fifty-eight million people. During the dragging struggle, Madame Chiang, as she's usually called, has been an inspiration to China's army of five millions. This army which lies so near her heart is an amazing aggregation. Lacking shoes, its men can march forty miles a day, can live for months on an allowance of a pound of rice a day per man—and, in addition, can exist on pay which, in American money, amounts to twenty-three cents a month for each fighter.

When Madame Chiang was a child of nine she came to the United States with her two sisters. After years of school and travel here she went to the Macon High School at Macon, Georgia. There she prepared for Wellesley, which she entered in 1913. Four years later, after making a brilliant record as a student, she was graduated with honors.

Her marriage to Chiang Kai-shek, many years after she returned to her homeland, was fateful for China. Unless those two had united—making both stronger as leaders—it is doubtful whether China could have held out. Chiang Kai-shek has often acknowledged his debt to his wife. She is his interpreter, his "contact man," his adviser. As head of the New Life Movement, an organization which does welfare and war work all over Free China, she has more than two hundred thousand women busy under her.

No wonder highly placed Chinese who request consultations with Chiang Kai-shek are often told, "Take that up with Madame."

In her middle forties now, she looks much younger, though she keeps a grinding schedule which puts her at her desk at eight o'clock,

holds her there until close to midnight except for meals and a daily walk with her husband. Yet those who know her say she looks as if being beautiful were her one and only job.

THEIR MISSION IS MERCY

To-day there are about three hundred thousand women holding jobs as nurses in the United States. Of these, almost six thousand are Army nurses. Our Army is letting it be known that there's need for some three thousand more. What will the girls who succeed in getting these jobs find awaiting them?

The work, they will discover, has its drawbacks. Army nurses must be single; if they marry they must leave the service. They are under strict military law. Those newcomers who think the job will be "romantic" soon find more routine and drudgery than romance.

On the other hand, Army nursing has many good points. The hours are not unduly long—two hours of work every morning and five every afternoon. The pay, though not large, is dependable. These nurses get anywhere from \$840 to \$1,560 a year in addition to their living expenses, according to length of service. They have a whole month's vacation. Usually they get a chance to travel. They may be sent to any one of a hundred and eighty posts, many of them outside the United States.

Also—and this is morale-building—they have the rank of officers, a necessary ruling since they must help to keep discipline. A nurse goes into the Army as a second lieutenant; she may rise to the rank of major.

To enter the service a girl must be a registered nurse, must have been graduated from



a school of nursing that is on the Army's "approved list." She must pass an exacting physical examination and must satisfy the examiners that, in character, she's an all right sort of person.

It is the experience of these nurses that American soldiers are neither fussy nor demanding. If you want grateful appreciation, so they say, you'll get it more quickly from a soldier than a civilian.

HATS OFF TO THE FOREST RANGER

That tree you will light on Christmas may be a fragrant bearer of cheer from one of our national forests. Our Forest Service sells thousands of such trees each year. Though it condemns indiscriminate cutting, it's all for the sort of thinning which helps forests much more than it hurts them. If your Christmas spruce, fir, cedar, or hemlock does come from a national forest it will bear a red label saying in part, "The prevention of forest fires . . . has made possible this tree to decorate your home . . ."

And that's a tribute to men whose lives



are largely spent caring for trees—our Forest Rangers. They are surprisingly few in number—only about eight hundred and eighty. Working under them, though, are many thousands of wardens, lookout men, guards, CCC troopers. Each Ranger has charge of an area which, on an average, extends over two hundred and twenty-four thousand acres. Held accountable for that region, the Ranger must prevent fires if he can, must lead the fight against fires if they get started.

He must enforce the game laws, organize searches for lost persons, make war on erosion. It's sometimes up to him to build a dam or a cabin, to survey routes for telephone lines. When winter blizzards threaten to cut deer and elk off from their feeding grounds, he must push through snowdrifts to bring them bales of hay, sacks of grain. All this on a salary of only twenty-six hundred dollars a year.

There used to be a tendency—now on its way out—to think of our national forest areas as "useless land." Nothing could be farther from truth. From such wooded stretches run many of the streams which lend power to factories. Forests, of course, by storing moisture help to keep streams moving with an even flow. Trees from such regions yield lumber for barracks and for ships. No wonder the Forest Service's slogan is "Forest Defense is National Defense."

Moreover, in these tight-strung times our bodies and brains particularly need to find health in wilderness, or near wilderness. Health is a gift our national forests can give. It's the Ranger's job to make sure they keep on giving it.

GUARDING OUR ELASTIC LIFE LINE

Americans, notoriously on the go, move largely on one thing—rubber. Important even in the old horse-and-buggy days, it is now a vital part of our lives and of our resolute progress toward defense. Every close look at our rubber-using habits, though, leads to a question mark, for two facts are clear. First, we produce virtually no rubber, must import most of it; second, our main supply comes from Malaya and the Netherlands East Indies, some eleven thousand miles from the west coast of the United States, and might conceivably be cut off by the guns of the Japanese navy.

In a crisis we could step up our present slender production of synthetic, man-made rubber—as Germany has done. But such rubber is very expensive and Germany's experience has shown its uses to be limited.

Is there a way out? Perhaps, said the experts of the United States Department of Agriculture, less than two years ago. If enough of the stretchy, bouncy substance we need could be grown in Central and South America our worries might be over. Such Latin-American production would mean that our "rubber life line," instead of being long and exposed would be comparatively short and protected by our Navy.

This conclusion brought action. For more than a year exploration parties have been poking into tropical jungles and into abandoned plantations in an effort to find land suited to rubber culture. They've been looking for regions where the mean annual temperature is about seventy-two degrees, the yearly rainfall about eighty inches. They've had to keep in mind that rubber trees—the sketch shows the leaves of one of the several varieties—are acutely temperamental about the chemical composition of the soil they deign to grow in.

This long search revealed that many countries to the south of us have millions of acres apparently suited to rubber culture—much more land, in fact, than the British and the Dutch ever planted with rubber in Malaya and the Netherlands East Indies. As a result, various nations of Central and South America—Brazil, Peru, Mexico, and Haiti among the first—have raised funds for research, hoping to start growing rubber in a big way.

Such large-scale cultivation, if successful, would end America's fears of a shortage. Also it would improve Pan American relations. Most of the things our neighbors on the



south would like to export to us are the very things we ourselves produce in abundance. But if those neighbors could ship us rubber in bulk it would mean a firm basis for trade, since they need many of the products we could send them in return. Admittedly, growing great quantities of rubber in tropical America would be something of a trick to turn. But if the trick can be turned, the captains of our billion-dollar rubber industry, our defense chiefs, and the country at large will be profoundly relieved.

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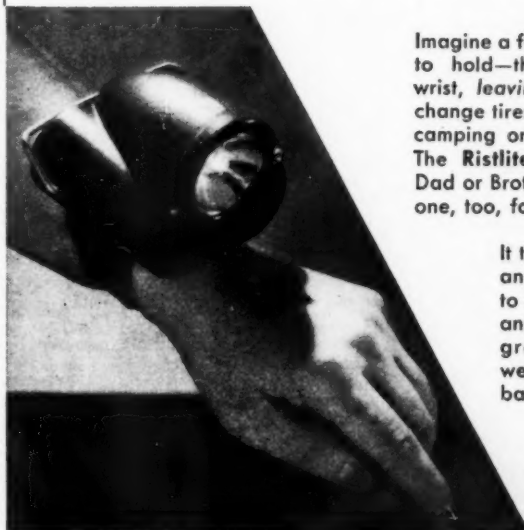


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TO THE RESCUE

without money and must work, I do not know how, or at what. A kind friend tells Mr. Taylor, the proprietor of this Inn, about me, that I could perhaps teach his guests to ski." Her face clouded. "It is good to work, only that I am sometimes lonely. These girls think I am so strange, because I do not speak American yet, the way they do."

"I don't think you're strange, Lisl," said Ann shyly. "I think we're sort of alike underneath, you and I. Oh dear, I do wish I could stay here longer, now that we've got to know each other!"

"I, too," Lisl said. "But forever I cannot stay here, either. Summer comes soon, and then what should I do for work? Often I worry about it."

"It's hard to find work," Ann said. "I've been trying ever since I left school, but the trouble is, nothing I can do seems useful to anyone else."

She shivered, more from gloom than cold, but Lisl took the bright crocheted scarf from her own neck and draped it around Ann's shoulders. "Besides skiing, my only talent is to make these silly things," she said. "Who wants such a talent nowadays?"

Ann pulled the soft, warm wool closer. "Didn't I say we were alike? I love to make clothes, too, but I've never made—I've never even seen—such unusual ones as yours. Why, I'm sure dozens of people would love to buy them."

"So?" Lisl raised a quizzical eyebrow. "And how can I find these people?"

"Maybe I could find them," Ann drew a quick breath of excitement, forgetting her shyness in Lisl's need. "What would you think of our going into business together? You could design sports clothes and accessories, and I could help you make them and help to sell them."

"If only that could be!" Lisl did not sound convinced.

SKY RABBITS, Unlimited

about her all the time—" She sighed self-pityingly.

"If you thought a little more and worried a little less," said Kate severely, "it would be much better. I have an idea. I haven't a job now, and I might as well take Lindalee home with me for a few days."

Lindalee was not much of a weight, Kate thought anxiously, carrying her up the Brown steps, with the baby's thin legs swinging over her arm. "If she was my baby, I'd have her at the doctor's quicker than I could say it. If I only had enough money—"

It was a thought she quickly dismissed, but it kept returning. It returned when she bathed the tiny, flaccid body. It returned when she sat over her lemon pie and watched Lindalee bang her spoon indifferently against her dish of mashed carrots. It came back as she held the baby, boneless as a kitten, in her lap and for her entertainment turned the pages of an old magazine.

"Ogaluplomana?" asked Lindalee, pointing at a dog, and looking up with her infrequent, confiding smile.

"Of course, darling," said Kate, and in her mind she was opening that handkerchief box in the dresser drawer and taking out ten of that precious hoard of twenty-five dollars. "Darling, wouldn't it be fun for you and Cousin Kate to take a nice ride to Denver,

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

"Maybe it *can* be!" Ann said, growing more sure of herself, now that she was launched on this new idea. "It's something we both like to do, and something we know we're good at. If we work hard, I can't see why we couldn't make a go of it. Of course we'd have to have a little money for a start, but if we can make people see how good your things are, somebody ought to be willing to back us up."

"Maybe," Lisl said doubtfully. Then she smiled and the mist cleared away from her face as if the sun had risen. "At least we can try. At least we can see what people say about it—older people who know of practical matters."

"Of course," Ann said. "We'll ask Mr. Taylor at the Inn what he thinks, for one—he's a business man. But first we must decide what sort of things we're going to have."

"And maybe make a few designs," added Lisl.

"So that we have something definite to show," Ann went on. "Let's plan."

They were so wrapped in talk that they did not hear the men's voices calling, coming closer and closer until they were just outside the cabin door. Lisl jumped to her feet with a white face, but in a moment she smiled again and went to answer. "I had forgotten—here are no Storm Troopers. It must be people from the Inn, come with the sleigh to rescue us."

Ann picked herself up and hopped over to Lisl's side. "If it hadn't been for you, they'd be too late to rescue *me*. And then we should never have had the chance to be partners. Oh I do hope we can do it—we will, you wait and see! You'll be happy again, like you were in Vienna."

"I think already I am happier," Lisl told her. "Then, there was always fear for the future. Here in this country is hope. And now I have a friend—my first American friend."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

some day soon, and see a big, fat, kind doctor-man?"

She felt a certain peace after she had said this, as though she had made a pledge. But the day was not yet over, though it was so shortened by the distractions of Lindalee that Kate was surprised when Ruth came home for dinner.

"Mom, you spoiled us," said Ruth somewhat indignantly, sinking down in a chair. "Honest, Kate, isn't it hard to work for folks you know will really notice the dust on the chair rungs?"

"That's right, put it all off on me because you're lazy," remarked Mom cheerfully. "Well, dinner's ready, I guess. Where's Matt? Will you call him, Kate?"

Kate's second shout brought Little Matt in from the barn, and they all sat down to one of Mom's good, rich, plebian meals.

"How's Mrs. Ronca?" Kate asked presently with careful nonchalance.

"Fine. And really, Kate, I can't understand about her, because she seems just as sweet as she can be."

Kate flared, "That's because you flatter her and kowtow to her, and don't call your mind your own. Well, anyway, tell us what happened."

"I cleaned this morning," said Ruth. "Isn't (Continued on page 46)

WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



TWO SCENES FROM "HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY," A FINE TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY. The tremendous appeal of Richard Llewellyn's novel of life in a Welsh mining village during Queen Victoria's reign has been preserved in this rarely beautiful film. The director, John Ford, has also shown with great artistry the indestructible influence of a home where love and kindness abide. The valley became blackened with slag and smoke from the mines, sorrow and economic change disrupted the lives of its people, but the goodness and steadfastness of those who had formed the character of Huw Morgan, kept the valley green in his mind after he had grown to manhood. The story is told by Huw when he is sixty years old, though you never see him as an old man—just his voice is heard, tying the threads of the story together. Every sad scene in the picture is immediately followed by a happy one, and it is these that stay with you. For instance, you remember the great joy of the family in having their mother downstairs again after a long illness, rather than the accident which nearly caused her death and that of the boy Huw. Each actor has caught the spirit of his character so completely that no one overshadows the others, and not once are you conscious of familiar film faces, though the cast includes many. The most unforgettable ones are Sara Allgood and Donald Crisp as the parents, Walter Pidgeon as the minister, Roddy McDowall as Huw, and John Loder as Ianto. The music of the Welsh Singers and the eloquent photography are other notable features. (Fox)

TARGET FOR TONIGHT. An exceptional documentary film showing an actual R.A.F. flight over Germany. A Nazi oil dump, photographed on an earlier flight, is the target on which a direct hit is scored. The film's realism makes it a stirring experience. (Warner)

DOWN MEXICO WAY. A colorful fiesta is the high spot of this pleasant picture which requires Gene Autry, Smiley Burnette, and Harold Huber to expose fake movie producers fleeing the public. Popular music adds to the picture's entertainment for the family. (Rep.)

MEN IN HER LIFE, THE. Adapted from the novel "Ballerina" and exquisitely played by Loretta Young, this story of a woman's sacrifice of love and of her child for her career on the ballet stage is deeply moving, even though the life it pictures may seem remote to those with no personal interest in classical dancing. The lovely period costumes, the settings, and the music all keep the mood as delightfully balanced as the dance. The men are somewhat shadowy figures, though the parts are played as well as the script allows. The character of the woman is nicely handled. She is an artist, devoted to her profession and conventional in her personal relationships. It is entirely wholesome, though somewhat emotional at the end for those easily moved to tears. Girls, especially those interested in a career in the arts, will particularly enjoy this. (Col.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

TARGET FOR TONIGHT. For those interested in aviation.

Good

DOWN MEXICO WAY
SMALL TOWN DEB

SMALL TOWN DEB. Jane Withers puts her family's happiness above her own and saves her father's business and her sister's romance in typical Withers fashion. Jane also plays the drums at an important dance. (Fox)

SUNDOWN. To understand the significance of this exciting and timely story, one must see the picture from the beginning, as Joseph Calleia, a prisoner of war, describes the background. Bruce Cabot, in charge of Kenya territory, receives help from officer George Sanders who believes that foreign agents smuggling guns must be ferreted out, even if it means restraining the freedom the natives have heretofore enjoyed. The British are helped by Gene Tierney, and Harry Carey, game-hunter. (U.A.)

SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN. William Powell and Myrna Loy continue their suave existence in which solving a crime is an exciting interlude. Their baby is now a fine lad (Dickie Hall) and Asta is still the last word in canine charm. It's all very amusing, and the sophistication is of a harmless variety. (MGM)

SUSPICION. A startling psychological mystery thriller brilliantly directed by Alfred Hitchcock and starring Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine. It is a tale of mounting terror in Joan's mind as she grows to believe that her charming, irresponsible husband is capable of murdering his friend (Nigel Bruce) for his money and of plotting her own death. Superbly coordinated in acting, music, and settings of English manor life. Those who liked *Rebecca* will find this engrossing, but it's pretty tense for nervous movie-goers. (RKO)

YOU BELONG TO ME. Barbara Stanwyck again puts Henry Fonda through a comically miserable time when, though married to his riches, she insists on continuing her career as a doctor. It's very funny in spots, due especially to Fonda's droll expressions. (Col.)

*I met Your Father
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GOOD TIMES with BOOKS



HERE are some new books for Christmas gifts and for good long hours of reading between holiday festivities when thoughts of unprepared Latin or geometry lessons will not pop up to spoil the fun.

The Desert Calling by Marguerite Aspinwall, which was so popular with readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* when it ran serially in the magazine, has been published in book form by Greystone Press (\$2). This, as you will remember, is the story of motherless Pamela Strong, who for sixteen years had led an uneventful life with her conservative grandmother—and then was whisked off for a thrilling year in the Arizona desert by her famous author-explorer father, whom she could hardly remember, and his charming new wife. Her new family and new friends; her father's birthday gift of an adobe house in the desert for her very own; a mystery about an old prospector and a long lost gold mine made it a year Pam would never forget. With the added joy of discovering a talent of her own which gave her a sure place in the circle of her gifted family and friends, it is easy to see why Pamela would have liked to stay indefinitely in the desert. Against the beauty of the desert background, Miss Aspinwall unfolds an appealing tale of ambitious, career-minded young people, with a seasoning of mystery and romance.

If Pamela Strong's good fortune in finding just the right niche for herself sets you thinking of your own career, here are two books worth reading. For you who have "books in your blood and in your brain," there is *Lady Editor: Careers for Women in Publishing* (Dutton, \$2) by Marjorie Shuler, Ruth Adams, and Muriel Fuller. These young women, who have had experience in editing and writing for newspapers, magazines, and radio, give facts about the careers of well-known women in publishing. Constructive advice telling how to break into this field, necessary qualifications, and the rewards that may be expected are given through interviews with successful women in this line of work.

The second book, *Shirley Clayton, Secretary* by Blanche L. Gibbs and Georgiana Adams (Dodd, \$2) is fiction, but sharing Shirley's career gives the reader an excellent idea of the qualifications and preparation necessary to become a successful secretary, as well as a bird's-eye view of various types of secretarial jobs and a hint or two of the pleasant and unpleasant factors in such work. The authors are closely connected with the New York Katharine Gibbs School, and thus are well qualified to speak with authority on this subject. Besides the insight into the



From a drawing by Nils Hogner for "Stormy, the first Mustang"

An illustration for "Wings Around South America"



From a painting by Katherine Milhous

business world which the tale affords, the story of Shirley, her friends, and her secretarial career is entertaining reading.

Wings Around South America (Scribners, \$2.50) is a book with all the color we associate with that continent, for the jacket and water color drawings are printed in six colors. Alice Dalgliesh, the author, and Katherine Milhous, the illustrator, made the trip by airplane and the reader experiences the feeling of swiftness in their flight and shares the vividness of first impressions. Their circle around South America, visiting Cartagena, the Panama Canal, Ecuador, Peru, Chile, Argentina, and Brazil, was made in a variety of land and sea planes. Full justice is done by this author and artist to the contrasts in scenery, and to interesting places and people.

Enchanted Valley: A Story of Sweden by Helen Foster Anderson (Lippincott, \$2) is the tale of Klas, son of the poorest man in the village, who dreams of doing great things some day. Not content with dreams alone, Klas seizes the first opportunity to earn money for his family by hiring himself out as herd boy to the wealthiest farmer in the district. During the long hours in the fields, the herd boy's sensitive fingers are busy with strips of wood and pieces of stone, carving the images of his dreams. Klas and Anna Marie, the farmer's niece from far-off America, become friends—and when financial trouble overwhelms the girl and her father, the poor herd boy is able to come to their assistance through winning a money prize for one of his carvings. Klas has ideas for many more statues and it looks as though his dreams of a white house for his mother and a beautiful home in which to keep Anna Marie forever in the lovely valley of Trolldalen are likely to come true. Swedish customs and background add much to the charm of this story.

Readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* who enjoyed Dorothy Childs Hogner's *Black Miguel*, the tale of the white Arabian mare and the mulberry black stallion abandoned in the New World by their Spanish masters, will not want to miss the story of their first offspring in *Stormy; The First*

by

MARJORIE CINTA

Mustang (Oxford, \$2) by the same author, with illustrations by her husband, Nils Hogner. Stormy was the first horse to be born in North America. The young colt's adventures in the vast wilderness of the New World included a buffalo stampede, Indian hunters, a prairie fire, and even the ignominy of being captured and forced to obey a master—hardest of all misfortunes to Stormy who, unlike the other horses in the band, had known nothing but the freedom of the wild. But at last he was able to prove himself worthy of the wise and gallant Black Miguel and to assume the leadership of the mustangs.

Another popular *AMERICAN GIRL* serial made into a book this autumn is *Sing for Your Supper* by Lenora Mattingly Weber (Crowell, \$2). This is the story of the lovable, improvident family who made up The Dramatic Company of the Rockies, touring the Western mining towns during the sixties, with costumes, props, and actors bundled into a covered wagon drawn by a team of mules. "Mother," known on the stage as "Lovely Mary Mallory," could never be restrained from helping down-and-outers, no matter how precarious the state of the company's finances. When she invited young Phineas to join the troupe, the Dramatic Company was in serious difficulties. The mules had eaten part of the scenery; the hair tonic—their side line—had spilled on the costumes; the Countess de Braganza, their arch enemy and rival, had usurped the hall in which they were to play; and prim, New England Aunt Hitty was threatening to take Dora, her ward, who was not Mother's own child, back East to live. What the troupe would do without Dora to manage for them it was hard to imagine! Then Dora and Phineas complicated matters by a private feud of their own. But the light-hearted Mallorys were troupers to whom obstacles were challenges, and the solving of their problems makes a delightful story.



From a drawing by Dorothy Bayley for "Wings of Courage"

Wings of Courage: and Other Stories for Girl Scouts (Appleton, \$2.50) selected by Wilhelmina Harper, prominent librarian, is a collection of twenty-one short stories by well known authors, each of which illustrates a principle in the Girl Scout laws. The anthology, approved by Girl Scouts, Inc., will have definite appeal for all girls everywhere, whether they are Girl Scouts or not, as the stories illustrate such traits of character as courage, honor, and loyalty in the lives of girls of long ago and of to-day. Eight of the stories, by authors who are great



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favorites with readers of this magazine, were originally published in THE AMERICAN GIRL. The book will make an excellent Christmas gift for a troop library and will also be an invaluable aid to Scouts and leaders in troop work. The jacket in colors and the attractive black-and-white illustrations are by a much-beloved AMERICAN GIRL illustrator, Dorothy Bayley.

For those who like to read about the old days in the West and those who enjoy a fast-moving tale of adventure, there is *Sheep Wagon Family* by Myra Reed Richardson (McBride, \$2), a story of the rolling Wyoming prairies in the days of the sheep and cattle wars. All that the fatherless Hammonds possessed, beside their small herd of sheep, was in the two wagons in which they traveled. Cora Belle Hammond was twelve, old enough to help Mother and look out for the younger children. Cora Belle was tired of wandering and wanted, above everything else, to live in a real house and go to school with other children. When the family made camp near Lander, she hoped her dream might come true. But the cattlemen were the lords of the grazing lands and they hated sheep herders and tried to drive them off the range. Cora Belle was afraid of cowboys when she thought about it, but she had a "terrible temper when people were mean." A blizzard, her mother's illness—leaving Cora Belle to carry on the fight alone—a prairie fire, thieving Indians, and the meanest cattlemen in Wyoming could not conquer her indomitable spirit. Unexpected help came when Cora Belle needed it most, and sheep herding was finally established in the State of Wyoming.

The 1941 edition, the eleventh, of the *Christmas Annual* published by the Augsburg Publishing Company is edited by Randolph E. Haugan. Each edition is different, except for the Christmas Gospel. The book is made up of Christmas stories, poems, and carols, beautifully illustrated by reproductions of paintings and photographs printed in color by photo-offset lithography. This year's edition emphasizes the American theme, with articles about Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, historic ships and Christmas days in early American history, and American Christmas carols.

A book that is physically and spiritually beautiful is Kate Seredy's *A Tree for Peter* (Viking, \$2). Thirty-three of Miss Seredy's enchanting drawings, almost one to a page, are handsomely reproduced in sepia gravure—and the story of small Peter who lived with his widowed mother in Shantytown, the city dump, is as charming as the illustrations. Until big Peter, whom no one else ever saw, came along, small Peter, who was lame and had to be alone all day, was afraid of the lean, wolfish dogs, the scampering rats, the silent, beaten men and women, and the big, rough boys who lived in Shantytown. Big Peter taught the little lame boy that love and kindness can banish fear. And more than that—it was his gift to Peter of a little red-handled spade and a candle-light tree that brought hope to the derelicts of Shantytown and gave them the courage and faith to transform the squalid settlement into the place of Peter's dreams. This book would make an ideal Christmas gift for small brothers or sisters who have been taught to love and cherish books of their own, but it would have equal appeal for adult readers.

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GOOD BOOKS

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HOLIDAY TEAS—HIGH OR LOW

fruits which you can find at most confectionery counters. For an all-over pattern, sprinkle nut meats and candied fruit bits over the top; for a more definite design, press them slightly into the frosting.

As most of us realize, there are delicious tea cakes—like the loaf or the sponge—which are better left unfrosted. If you should think this too "plain Jane" to come to the tea table, however, try giving a criss-cross effect by laying a wire cake cooler lightly on the cake, then sifting the cake's surface with powdered sugar. The strips of cake covered by the wires will retain their own natural color, and give an all-over criss-cross pattern.

And when you've decided about the food for your tea party, you'll want to give some thought to the tea itself, for the kind of tea and the way you brew it has a great deal to do with the pleasure of your guests. The chances are you'll choose black tea—most Americans do, because we like the flavor and fragrance of the black teas grown in India, Sumatra, Ceylon, and Java. Perhaps Mother has some Darjeeling tea in the house. If so, you have the makings of one of the best cups of tea known to man. Darjeeling tea is grown high in the Himalaya Mountains, and the nearer the sun and the more exposed to the rain the plants are, the better the tea.

When it comes to serving tea, we Americans drink tea as we like it—clear, with lemon; or with milk and sugar; or spiced. The Russian puts a lump of sugar in his mouth instead of in his cup and then sips his tea. The Korean is said to suck an egg with his beverage. The Burmese drinks pickled tea, prepared as a salad soaked in oil. Moors prefer tea in glasses filled with sugar and mint. The Siamese chew tea with salt. Tibetans boil their tea with butter—not very fresh butter, at that. The natives of Cashmere boil cream with their tea and dunk bits of bread in it. Somewhere, so we've been told, they make a brick of tea leaves and chew it, like tobacco. Aren't you glad you live in the United States where tea is brewed from three to five minutes in fresh, bubbling, boiling water poured on the leaves? Remember—one teaspoonful of tea leaves to each cup, plus one for the earthen pot.

Next, let's consider the tea table and its decorations, for decorations count. The shops are full of any number of things of little cost that will make the setting as much a treat to the eye as the fare is to the palate. If Mother is willing that you use the best the house affords for your party, the china with the colorful floral design, or the bright new pottery tea pot and cups, with the old pewter sugar and creamer, will be beautiful. Thank goodness, everything doesn't have to be perfectly matched! We can mix things up a little.

For decoration, you might have bright angels presiding over your table. There are adorable plastic angels in the shops, with wings of silver and gold, and these angels wear robes of pure crystal. We've seen appealing angels with tin wings and halos—or how would you like two small choristers, little plastic saints, to mutely lead you in caroling "good will to men"? (If you are extra ambitious you might make your own angels. You'll find directions for making them on page 32 of the December 1940 issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL.)

And speaking of men, never think of tea as a sissy drink, for men don't think so. Tea has always been the drink of adventurers and explorers. They say the great Dr. Samuel Johnson drank sixty cups a day—and that was both a physical and financial feat in the good doctor's time, when tea cost as much as fifty dollars a pound and was kept locked in the family strong box. Rumor has it that our sailors and soldiers, home on furlough, are responsible for reviving the tea dance at four in the afternoon. So don't exclude your boy friends from your holiday tea, whether it be high or low.

Here are some seasonable suggestions for refreshments. The first two are for cold punches:

GOOD SPIRITS PUNCH

- 1 cup grated pineapple
- 2 quarts boiling water
- 2 cups freshly made tea
- Juice 6 lemons
- 4 cups sugar
- 2 No. 2 cans orange-grapefruit juice blend
- 1 quart grapejuice
- 1 quart carbonated water

Cook pineapple, sugar, and water together for 15 minutes. Strain and cool. Add fruit juices and tea. An hour before serving, pour over cracked ice and add carbonated water. Serves 40.

HONEY SPICED TEA

- 4 level tablespoons black tea
- 2 level tablespoons whole cloves
- 1 cup strained orange juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice
- $\frac{2}{3}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup honey
- 8 cups boiling water

Pour 5 cups boiling water over the tea and cloves; let steep for 5 minutes, strain, add orange and lemon juices, honey, and remaining 3 cups hot water. Stir until honey is thoroughly dissolved. When ready to serve, pour over cracked ice in tall glasses.

ANGEL FOOD CHERRY CAKE

- 1 cup sifted cake flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup egg whites
- 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted granulated sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond extract
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup maraschino cherries, finely chopped

Sift flour once, measure, and sift four more times. Beat egg whites and salt with flat wire whisk. When foamy, add cream of tartar and continue beating until eggs are stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Fold in sugar carefully, 2 tablespoons at a time, until all is used. Fold in flavoring. Sift small amount of flour over mixture and fold in carefully; continue until all is used. Pour about $\frac{1}{3}$ of cake batter into ungreased angel food pan. Sprinkle $\frac{1}{2}$ of cherries over it, add another $\frac{1}{3}$ of batter, then add remainder of cherries and rest of batter. Run knife through to bottom of pan to mix cherries evenly throughout. Bake in slow oven at least 1 hour. Begin at 275 degrees F. and bake 30 minutes; increase heat slightly (325 degrees F.) and bake 30 min-

utes longer. Remove from oven and invert pan for 1 hour, or until cold.

SNOW-WHIRL CHOCOLATE ROLL

- 6 tablespoons sifted cake flour
- 6 tablespoons cocoa
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 4 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored
- 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon double-acting baking powder
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sifted sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add cocoa, baking powder, and salt, and sift together three times. Fold sugar gradually into egg whites. Fold in egg yolks and vanilla. Fold in flour gradually. Pour into pan, 15x10 inches, lined with greased paper, and bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) 13 minutes. Cut off crisp edges of cake; turn from pan at once onto cloth covered with confectioner's sugar; remove paper; spread with marshallow whip and roll as for old-fashioned jelly roll. Cover with Chocolate Butter Frosting.

CHOCOLATE BUTTER FROSTING

- 4 tablespoons butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
- 2 cups sifted confectioners sugar
- Dash of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
- 3 tablespoons milk

Cream butter, add 1 cup sugar, and cream together well. Add vanilla, salt, and chocolate. Add remaining sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Thin with milk until right consistency to spread.

HOLIDAY TEA MUFFINS

- $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups sifted cake flour
- 2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
- 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons sugar
- 1 egg, well beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cream butter, add sugar, and cream together thoroughly. Add egg, then flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Bake in greased muffin pans in hot oven (450° F.) 20 minutes. Makes 18 small muffins.

YULETIDE NUGGETS

- $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted cake flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cups currants
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups walnut meats, coarsely cut
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful double-acting baking powder

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and cinnamon, and sift together three times. Cut butter into flour; add eggs, sugar, and lemon rind. Combine thoroughly. Add currants and nuts, mixing well. Drop

from teaspoon on greased baking sheet, and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 4 dozen nuggets.

CZECHOSLOVAKIAN CHRISTMAS COOKIES

3¾ cups sifted cake flour
½ teaspoon baking soda
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
¾ teaspoon ginger
¼ teaspoon allspice
¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg
½ cup shortening, melted
1 cup molasses
1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
Flour for rolling

Sift flour, then measure 3¾ cups into flour sifter; add soda, salt, and spices, mix well, then sift 3 times. Melt shortening, add molasses, and heat slightly; stir in sugar, then flour mixture gradually, mixing well after each addition. Pack in bowl, cover tightly, and store in refrigerator 1 week before rolling. Place small amount of dough at a time on lightly floured board and roll very thin; cut with floured, small cookie cutters in fancy shapes and place on greased sheets. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 5 to 7 minutes. Store in tightly covered containers. Cookies keep well. Makes about 220 cookies.

NEW YEAR'S ALMOND CAKES

4 cupfuls pastry flour
2 cupfuls butter
1½ cupfuls sugar
1 teaspoon almond extract
Blanched almonds
½ teaspoon salt

Work the flavoring into the shortening, then rub this very thoroughly into the flour. Add the sugar and salt and knead and work to a paste. No moisture will be required. Form into a thick roll, cut into slices half an inch thick, lay these one inch apart on a slightly oiled pan, press half a blanched almond into each cake, and bake half an hour in a moderate oven—not over 350° F.

DEMOCRACY CRUMB CAKE

2 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
1/3 cup shortening
1 egg, beaten
2/3 cup milk
2 tablespoons butter, melted

Sift flour, measure 2 cups; add baking powder, salt, and sugar, mix well, then sift into mixing bowl. Cut in shortening until well mixed.

Beat egg until foamy, then stir in milk; add to flour-shortening mixture, stirring quickly to form soft dough. Spread dough in greased 8-inch square pan. Brush top with melted butter and sprinkle "crumb" mixture evenly over surface. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) about 30 minutes.

CRUMB TOPPING

1/3 cup flour
2 tablespoons sugar
Dash of salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons butter

"Please tell the doctor to hurry!"



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the house, to let in the fresh air. Then she called the doctor.

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THE BEST STATE

EMMETSBURG, IOWA: I have received *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for over a year and hope to continue receiving it for quite some time. I look forward to the issues every month, for I enjoy the stories especially and the articles are simply super.

I am thirteen years old and I think Iowa is the best State in the Union. I will be in the eighth grade this year and I expect to simply live in skirts and sweaters this winter. I dread the thought of school, but I suppose I will live through it.

I like spelling, English, and literature best of my subjects. In sports I like skating, swimming, and hikes best. I have just learned to dance and I am very thrilled.

Best of luck to all *AMERICAN GIRL* subscribers and to the editors.

Virginia Soper

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

EMPORIA, KANSAS: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for eight months and I have enjoyed everything in the magazine. My favorite things are *A Penny for Your Thoughts* and *Laugh and Grow Scout*. I enjoy seeing pictures of camps, too, and anything that has to do with Scouting.

I have a sister who is sixteen years old. She is not a Girl Scout, but I am. I am a Second Class Girl Scout and I like it very much.

I live in a small town, but William Allen White lives here and I think most of you have heard of him.

There are two colleges in Emporia. One is the College of Emporia and the other is Emporia State Teachers' College.

I like school very much. My favorite study is arithmetic. I am eleven years old.

I hope every girl gets to read *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and enjoys the magazine as much as I do.

Doris Wells

SUNNY WEATHER

WRANGELL, ALASKA: Every issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* I have received—and I have had a subscription since 1937—is just grand, and I have never been disappointed in a single one. My favorite characters are Bushy and Lofty. Last Christmas Eve, I read aloud the Bushy and Lofty story in the December issue, and the whole family enjoyed it. It certainly added to our happiness on Christmas Day. I am certain I shall subscribe to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* as long as I live.

A penny for your thoughts



SCHOOL STORIES

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON: I have just finished the Lucy Ellen story, *The Cinderella Complex*, and now is as good a time as any to tell you how much I enjoy *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. My favorite stories are about life at school, so that story was right up my alley. I hope we will have some more school stories.

What a happy surprise I got last month when I opened *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and found a long, illustrated article about my favorite movie star, Shirley Temple!

My hobby now is collecting portraits of movie stars. My favorite sports are bike riding, swimming, and playing tennis. I have been a Girl Scout for a year now and I was a Brownie in England. I am thirteen years old and a freshman in high school.

Herta Beecher

THE SAME WAY AS THE HORSE

EUREKA, UTAH: I have just finished reading our magazine, *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and have come to the conclusion that there is only one way to improve it and that is to add another fifty pages filled with more of Bushy and Lofty, Yes-We-Can Janey, Bobo, and all the rest of the characters that reside between the pages of our book.

Now, I'll tell you a bit about myself. I'm sixteen and a senior in high school. I love music and enjoy dancing, swimming, and horseback riding. I just started riding a week or so ago, so you can imagine how hard it is for me to go in the direction the horse goes. So far I haven't improved much—when I go up, the horse goes down—then when I decide to go down, up comes the horse—but I suppose I'll get on to it sooner or later.

Getting back to the reason I'm writing this, *Sky Rabbits, Unlimited* sounds scrumptious, even though I do hate to see *The Desert Calling* end. But the new serial will be grand, I know, because Eleanor Hull gave us so many swell Sara Hemingway stories.

Joan Larsen

CLOSE NOTICE

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH: I am fourteen years old. This is my first letter to our magazine. I like all of the stories, but in the September issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, I enjoyed *Sky Rabbits, Unlimited* and *The Rose-Sprigged Dress* the most.

The illustrations are excellent. Since I am interested in art, I take close notice and learn a lot from the drawings.

Marjorie Nelson

Jane Keogh

This has been a really wonderful summer for Wrangell, and also for the other towns in Alaska. The weather has been a surprise to all of us. Usually the summer is our rainy season, and we very rarely have any nice, clear days. This summer, however, has been one continuous round of sunny weather. This season, we Alaskans really don't know what rain looks like.

When the sun shines, there is no more beautiful place than Alaska—and I'm making no idle boast. It's true. We live right near the shore, about one hundred yards away, in fact. The channel in front of our house is a vivid blue, the foliage around us is so deep and green and lush—almost like tropical foliage. The other islands round about are every shade of blue, according to the distance away. Everyone's garden seems to be doing wonderfully, too, including ours. We have some tomato plants that are blooming, and also we have quite a few cauliflower and celery plants.

But the pride and joy of Wrangell this year is the salmon pack, which is the best for over four years. Up till this year, the pack has been nothing to get excited about. But this summer has certainly made up for it. The fish are just thick, and they are really large, too. There has been so much fish that the steamers couldn't carry it all, and it's been stored around town, everywhere from the school gym to the fire hall. Everyone is sick of the word fish—at least I am, for that is all you hear these days. Between the fish and the defense work in Alaska, the territory is really booming. And it certainly is a grand feeling.

Phyllis MacCreary

MISS ALCOTT'S BOOKS

WAYNE, MICHIGAN: I can't think of words nice enough to describe *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, so I will just say that it is a wonderful magazine. My sister and I have taken it nearly three years and we want to keep right on getting it.

I have different hobbies, but my favorite one is collecting and reading books written by Louisa May Alcott. When I have collected four more, I will have all the books she has written. She is my model and I want to be an author when I am older.

I am now fourteen and I go to St. Mary's School in Wayne. I love horses and dogs. I haven't any, but my brother is lucky enough to have both.

All I can say is that I hope *THE AMERICAN GIRL* will last forever.

Do you want to be a Girl Scout? If so write to Girl Scouts Inc., attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York City

THE MAGAZINE ARRIVES REGULARLY IN JAPAN

KOBE, JAPAN: I have just received my sixth copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—and you can't imagine how glad I am to get it! With world conditions as they are, I had given up all hope of seeing another number, but as you see—here it is! It always seems to come through.

My favorite character is Yes-We-Can-Janey. Of the articles and columns, I like best *A Penny for Your Thoughts* and articles on vocations such as *If Physical Education Is Your Choice*. (By the way, I am with Shirley Young in saying that I would like an article on first aid or nursing, and, if there is any possible chance, one on dress-designing. You see, I'm very undecided as to what I shall be.)

Getting back to the subject, I like the page on fashions and wish we had more. I also appreciated the article about working one's way through college, because that's exactly what I plan to do.

At first I didn't read the National Parks series by Dorothy Childs Hogner, but after I read one, I found it so interesting that I gathered up all my *AMERICAN GIRLS* and read the ones I had left out. (Since I've talked so much about articles, you probably think I'm one of those professorish people who read only articles, but I'm not! I read the stories and like them just as much. They are specially interesting because the characters are about our age.)

I am fifteen years old and am a Junior in high school. With the evacuation of the foreigners from Japan during the last year, the student body of our school, the Canadian Academy, has been reduced from about three hundred to our present fifty. The Canadian Academy, or C. A., as I call it, is the only school in the Kobe for English-speaking children, and for both boys and girls. There were several schools, but all of them have had to close within the last year.

I was a Girl Guide (Guide—because I go to a Canadian school), but now we have no leader and no troop. The Girl Scout features in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* make me long to be with my fellow Guides or Scouts in America—and some day I will!

Whenever I take my *AMERICAN GIRL* to school, there is a great scramble to see who will get it first, for it's just as popular here as in the United States.

My favorite sports are ping-pong (yesterday I played doubles for the first time and, boy, was it fun!); bicycling (I have a swell American bike, to the great envy of my friends. To you, owning an American bike is an everyday occurrence but to us it's a luxury); hiking; boating; swimming; ice-skating; and roller-skating.

My hobby is stamp collecting. I also like to sew—I make many of my own dresses. Since I like to draw very much, our Painters Series has been very interesting to me. I liked the article in the July number called *You Don't Need a Studio*, too.

Jo Strauss

AND IN THE DUTCH EAST INDIES

BETHEL MOLUCCAN MISSION, AMBOINA, NETHERLANDS EAST INDIES: What a treat *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is to me! You will understand, when I tell you that I am the only American Girl Scout in the Moluccas, or Spice Islands. You would like to see us in our uniforms, as part are Chinese and the rest Dutch. I wish the other girls could read English so they could enjoy such stories as

The Desert Calling and Where Duty Calls.

I am thirteen years old and my hobby is collecting pressed flowers and leaves of the Indies. I am being educated in the Dutch schools and speak Malay.

Camping is almost impossible here because of heavy tropical rains, but we enjoy hiking, swimming, and knitting for the refugees. This island is covered with nutmeg and clove-trees. Some of the most beautiful sea gardens in the world are in Ambon Bay. The coral and fish are all in bright colors. I am so glad a friend in the Philippines sent me *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

Florence Devin

AND IN INDIA

LANDOUR, MUSSORIE, U. P., INDIA: I have enjoyed *THE AMERICAN GIRL* so much, I thought the least I could do was to write and tell you so.

I am a Girl Guide in the first Mussorie patrol. In the whole patrol there are about forty-six Guides, their ages ranging from twelve to sixteen.

I go to Woodstock, an American school, with about five hundred boys and girls. Over half of the children are sons or daughters of missionaries. I am one of those many. My parents work up in Assam in the north-eastern part of India. One thing that is different about our school from yours is that our holidays come in November and school starts again in the middle of March.

Joan Merrill

A FRIEND FROM CHILE

SANTIAGO, CHILE: I think every girl is right to say *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is a grand magazine. We are just back from your country on the *S. S. Elena*, a lovely American ship. I think it is nice to have dime stores and tall buildings, which we don't have. Our tallest building is a hotel fifteen stories high.

I am eleven years old, and I am in the sixth grade in an American school, one of the biggest in Santiago, called Santiago College. During our visit in the United States I visited a school in Philadelphia and I saw that you begin and end the school year at different seasons from us, for we begin in March and end in December.

We are now celebrating the Independence Day of Chile. My hobbies are collecting stamps, paper dolls, and pictures of movie stars. I can roller-skate on the point of my feet.

Alicia Marcó

AND ANOTHER FROM CUBA

FOMENTO, CUBA: I have read our magazine for a number of years, and I think it is wonderful. My favorite characters are Midge, Bushy and Lofty, Janey Lewis, and Molly Blake. Of course the articles are really interesting, too.

The cover designs are very original. The May cover was so pretty, my Mother wants it framed. I thought it a good idea.

I live on a coffee plantation on the southern coast of Cuba in the mountains of Trinidad. Of all the places on the island, this is the best. Father owns a good-sized plantation and, of course, we think our coffee is the best. Our neighbors are few and far away, and you can't go out of the house without going uphill or down.

My favorite sports are swimming, horse-back riding, skating, basket ball, and stilt

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Last year you helped contribute \$12,799.65 in friendship pennies to the Juliette Low Fund which aided Girl Scouts and Girl Guides in China, Finland, Great Britain, and those who came from other war-torn countries as refugees to the British Isles. The fund also made possible the Western Hemisphere Encampment in our own country, to promote friendship in this hemisphere. The need for friendship pennies and the work they do is greater than ever to-day. The National President of the American Red Cross has asked us to bend our efforts toward more aid to China and Great Britain through the Juliette Low Fund gifts. So send your pennies in to THE JULIETTE LOW FUND, c/o Girl Scouts, Inc., 155 E. 44 St., New York.

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walking. Oh, and tennis! I learned to skate and play tennis in town when I went to the Progressive College in Matanzas.

I haven't gone to school much and the schools have all been Spanish, but I study with my brother—and Father is teacher. Music is just about all I like. I hope to get myself a guitar this fall. I speak Spanish and sing in Spanish, but about the only songs I know in English are a few Episcopalian hymns.

It has been so long since I went to the States that I have forgotten what the United States looks like, and I am dying to go again.

I am sure those authors who write about nature would love to see our Cuban birds. The two loveliest ones are the Cuban "Trojan" and a wee bird by the name of "Todi."

My hobby is collecting red beans called mâte. They are bright red, hard, and with a black stripe down the middle. I have about three hundred already.

The sixth of this month I turned sixteen, and it was quite an event. Mother allowed me to make my own cake. Mother has taught

me to cook and to make bread. The bread making is a long job, but you feel proud if it comes out right.

Carolyn E. McNamara

VIRGINIA'S AMBITION

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA: I've taken THE AMERICAN GIRL now for a year, and I simply love it. I like *Laugh and Grow* Scout best of all. Among my favorite characters, Lucy Ellen, and Bushy and Lofty are the tops. *Sky Rabbits Unlimited* is an excellent story.

I am twelve and I am a Second Class Girl Scout. I have one sister, Shirley, and two brothers, Charles and Billy. My favorite sports are swimming and tennis. I would like to be a commercial artist, or a comedian.

I read THE AMERICAN GIRL from page to page and enjoy every bit of it, but there is something I would like to have in the magazine—and that's entertainment, games, and things to do at parties such as Hallowe'en, Christmas, and New Years.

Virginia Williamson

SKY RABBITS, *Unlimited*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

that a grand vacuum cleaner they have? Then there was all the fuss when they found the bunny—"

"Found the bunny?" Kate repeated.

"It was one of the rabbits that's been kind of sick—the one they called Snow Queen," said Ruth. "They had it out in the exercise pen, and a dog or something got in and killed it."

"Why, what a shame!" Kate cried. "Snow Queen was one of the best woolers. They thought she would surely win at the stock show. They'll have to build that fence higher, won't they?"

"Mrs. Ronca showed me some books about spinning," continued Ruth. "Soon as she is strong enough, she's going to show me how to spin—and weave, too, maybe later on."

"May I be excused?" asked Little Matt.

"Why, Little Matt, you haven't eaten your dinner," exclaimed Kate. She stared after him as he shuffled hastily out. "Something's wrong with him," she declared.

"Mrs. Ronca is going to try to organize a Yule Log Festival for everybody in Sky Rock," Ruth hurried on with her news. "Do you know what a Yule Log Festival is, Kate?"

"There was one in our second-grade reader, I think," said Kate disagreeably.

"They hide the log up in the hills somewhere, and everybody hunts it, and the one who finds it is dragged downhill through the snow, riding on it. Mrs. Ronca plans to ask everybody, and have a Christmas tree and things to eat at the rabbit farm."

"Sounds real nice," said Mom.

"She knows all about textiles," continued Ruth, putting down her spoon in her interest. "She told me how, when they first discovered cotton growing in India, they called it 'vegetable sheep' and thought it bent its stem over so it could graze. Who would ever have thought there could be anything interesting about cotton?"

"Everything's interesting, if you only have the sense to realize it," said Kate. "But Mrs. Ronca never told me anything like that. Mr. Ronca and Joel were the ones who were educating me."

"Mr. Ronca makes me kind of nervous," said Ruth. "You can't be sure whether or not he's making jokes."

"I can," said Kate, and she was warmed by the thought.

"That's the way it goes," commented Mom. "Some gets along fine with one and brings out their best; some gets along with another. It was just unlucky for Kate that it was the lady of the house didn't take to her."

Kate nodded ruefully and rose from the table. "I'm kind of worried about Matt," she said. "I believe I'll just run out to the barn and see if he's there."

The barn was dim, and at first Kate didn't see the figure crouched beside Song-Dog's box. Amelia, the cow, shifted her legs and peered. Then Kate saw Little Matt.

"Why, Little Matt," she cried. "What on earth's the matter with you? Why didn't you finish your dinner?"

"Oh, nothin'," said Little Matt, out of the shadows. "I just ain't hungry."

"Not hungry?" ejaculated Kate. "Why, you're always hungry. Maybe you need some castor oil."

"My gollies," wailed Little Matt, "can't a guy my age have moods without somebody wanting to pour castor oil into him? Go away and let me alone, won't you?"

Kate was silent with shock for a moment. Then she advanced upon him. Little Matt moved his body uneasily in front of Song-Dog's box.

"Is something wrong with Song-Dog?" she demanded, peering over Matt's shoulder.

Song-Dog looked up at her and amiably wagged his tail, grinning as usual.

"He's fine," Little Matt snarled. "Cantcha let me be? You'd think a fellow's family was a policeman or something."

"You might as well tell me," said Kate inexorably. "I'm going to stay here until you do."

Little Matt's nerve broke. "I ain't sure it was that kind of fur," he sobbed, and buried his head in his arms. "It was white and it was bloody, but maybe it was a plain ole jack rabbit he caught."

It took Kate a moment to know what he meant. When she understood, she sat down suddenly beside him, as if her knees had given way. "Well, isn't that just dandy!" she said. Then she dropped a comforting hand on Little Matt's rough, bowed head.

(To be continued)

LAUGH AND GROW SCOUT



Disappointed

MIKE (opening his pay envelope): Faith, that's the stingiest mon I ever worked for.

PAT: Phwat is the matter wid ye? Didn't ye git as much as ye expicted?

MIKE: Yis, but I was countin' on gittin' more than I expicted.—Sent by BARBARA DAVIS, West Medford, Massachusetts.

Tall Tale

ARCTIC EXPLORER: It was so cold where we were that the candle froze and we couldn't blow it out.

SECOND EXPLORER: That's nothing! Where we were, the words came out of our mouths in pieces of ice and we had to fry them to see what we were talking about.—Sent by ROBERTA RICHTER, Burbank, California.

Thrifty

A Scotchman called a friend on the telephone. "Are you busy to-morrow night?"

"No."

"Are you busy Friday night?"

"No."

"Are you busy Saturday night?"

"Why, yes, I'm busy that night."

"That's too bad. I wanted you to have dinner with me that night."—Sent by HELEN PECK, Beloit, Wisconsin.



Naturally

FAY: What's the hardest thing when you're learning to skate?

MAY: The ice.—Sen. by BARBARA STEMPLE, New Britain, Connecticut.

The Prize-Winning Joke



Who Wouldn't!

BESSIE: What makes the new baby at your house cry so much?

JESSIE: Well, if you had all your hair off, and your teeth out, and your legs were so weak you couldn't stand on them, I guess you'd feel like crying, too! — Sent by MARY LIBBY WALKER, Shacklefords, Va.

Sent THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

No Team Work

NEIGHBOR: Where's your brother, Freddie?

FREDDIE: He's in the house playing a duet. I finished my part first. — Sent by JANE LASLEY, Seattle, Washington.

So That's It!

LITTLE DAUGHTER: Mama, are you an orphan?

MOTHER: Yes, dear. Why?

LITTLE DAUGHTER: Oh, so that's why you're living with us! Sent by MARJORIE HOUTCHEN, Wenatchee, Washington.

True

PROFESSOR: And just why wouldn't you want to have your name inscribed in the Hall of Fame?

STUDENT: Well, I'd sooner have people asking why it wasn't there, than why it was. —Sent by JEANETTE KIND, Detroit, Mich.



Modern Invention

Two Irishmen stood in front of a drugstore. In the window was a display of rubber gloves.

"Now, I wonder what them things is for?" asked one of the Irishmen.

"Oh," replied the other, "You can put thim things on and wash yer hands without gittin' yer hands wet."—Sent by ALICE KAPP, Tiffin, Ohio.

Expensive, at That

SMALL WILLIAM: Say, Dad! Why do they weigh babies as soon as they are born? Do people pay for them by the pound?—Sent by RITA RUMPLIK, Cleveland, Ohio.

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FOREIGN Air
Mail route number 19 which operates between San Francisco and Auckland, New Zealand, was extended last month to serve the Fiji Islands. On the flight leaving San Francisco on October thirtieth, several thousand first-flight covers were carried to this little island in the South Pacific Ocean. This marks the first time that airmail service into and out of Suva, the capital of Fiji, has been available.

During this year of 1941 many new postage stamps have come into existence as a result of the war in Europe. Just how many different issues have been made, and how many variations in denominations exist, will not be known accurately until the war is over. Postal communications are still carried on by the belligerent nations as well as by the countries which are now occupied by Germany.

At the end of October, the only section of the world in which postal communications have been seriously upset is in occupied France. The Germans have forbidden communications even between the occupied and unoccupied areas. As a result of the regulation the great French cities of Paris, Boulogne, Calais, Brest, and Bordeaux have been cut off, from the rest of the world and from other Frenchmen in unoccupied France.

The French Empire still stands despite the Japanese occupation of a part of Indo-China and even though some sections of the Empire are politically divided, some Colonies adhering to the Vichy Government's policy while others support the Free French movement headed by General Charles de Gaulle.

During this last sixteen months several of the Free French Colonies have issued long sets of overprinted stamps and it is interesting to speculate on their future. All of the overprints have been made on stamps regularly in use in the Colony; no definitive new issues for the de Gaulle-following Colonies had appeared when these notes were written.

These provisional issues must, of course, be limited by the stocks of stamps which happened to be on hand in the Colony before the overprinting took place. In time of war, it is fair to assume that these stocks could not be large. It is also fair to assume that large stocks of the Colonial stamps might have been on hand in Paris but, with the fall of France eighteen months ago, these stocks became of no consequence.

The first of the "France Libre" issues to appear was the Cameroons set in August of 1940. The stamps of this issue were overprinted in three lines—"Cameroons Français 27.8.40." Following the appearance of this set, other similar issues have been released for Equatorial Africa, India Settlements, New Caledonia, New Hebrides, and Oceanic Settlements. All these sets have been made available in limited quantities at the headquarters of the Free French in London and have been sold out in a short time because of the terrific demand for them in the London market.

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ANYBODY CAN DRIVE DOGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

A cross-fox, his coat silky like the pelts you see in high-grade fur stores, ran across my trail. Gaiety seemed to be everywhere and I was in the center of it.

A flock of ptarmigan gave a fascinating example of nature's protective coloring, as we approached. About two hundred of these dove-like birds sat motionless on the snow. Their winter plumage, which had been brown in the autumn, was so white against the snow that I never knew they were there until the team ahead startled them and they flew up, showing two ebony feathers at the base of each white tail.

After a thrilling drive of sixty miles, we arrived at Birches, known as the coldest spot on the Yukon. Two winters earlier, an eighty-below temperature had been reported there.

In the morning we discovered that the weather had dropped to minus forty. I had been completely comfortable at twenty-five below, merely by following the dog king's instructions—but forty below was something else again. I thought to myself, can we travel at all in this bitter cold? And if we do venture out, will we freeze to death? Will an arm, or a leg, freeze off? But I was ready to accept Seppala's decision, for by this time I had seen that everybody had perfect confidence in the dog king's judgment.

"By the way, put on two pairs of wool socks instead of one pair," Seppala said nonchalantly.

He took from his dunnage sack some Lapp hay, a special hay raised in Lapland. I was shown how to twist the long, pliable strands into insoles for my mukluks. Our stockinged feet went directly on the Lapp hay, which absorbed the moisture and kept our feet perfectly dry.

"Getting moist and then cold is what makes people's feet freeze," Leonhard said. "Deaths by freezing are usually caused by too much clothing instead of too little. The wearer becomes slightly exhausted and perspires; then the frost creeps in and brings with it a nice drowsy death. If you get cold, just step off the sled and run." He rolled his "r" so it sounded like racing feet.

We started, and hoping to retain my status as a driver, when I got cold I stepped off—and hanging for dear life with both hands to the bow on the back of the sled, I rrrrran! Sometimes I couldn't make it on account of the speed of the dogs, so I'd run with one foot while I let the other foot ride.

That night we arrived at Horner Hot Springs. Boiling hot water gushed out of the ground and the steam settled on birch and spruce trees, etching delicate frost traceries that turned the woods into unbelievable beauty.

As we entered the attractive log roadhouse, the Icelander boomed, "Get out your underwears!"

Everybody grabbed his soiled clothes, carried them to the boiling creek, fastened them down with stones, and let nature take its course.

"Two hours in this bubbles water will clean the dirtiest washings in the world," the Icelander said.

The next day he told me, "I lost one piece of my underwears. I think a wolverine got it."

A man named Pete joined us with his team.

We were all driving pretty close together when I saw a marvelous sight and shouted, "A lake—a lake!" I was excited, for before me was a crystal-clear, blue-tinted lake right in the midst of a white diamond landscape.

"Leonhard!" Pete shouted. "You got to let the little cheechako go ahead. She's got to see the lake first."

"Rot," the dog king replied, though, when the others joined in with Pete, I was sent out in front.

It was the first time I had been in the lead and I sped jubilantly over the glittering trail. Sailing through that white splendor gave me a great sense of power and speed. There I was, standing on my own two feet, skimming over the landscape at ten miles an hour. I got the feeling that I was doing it myself. Being so close to the ground, I had the added illusion of express-train swiftness. But suddenly I looked—and the vast sheet of water was gone! The lovely lake wasn't there at all. I realized that I had seen a mirage. I had never seen one before, but there was no doubt about this one. I tried to think up something bright to say to the men when they came up, but all I achieved was a sheepish grin.

When we reached the Bering Sea country, the dog king said, "A storm may come up suddenly—and if you're behind and get too cold, crawl into your sleeping bag and wait. We'll find you."

The thermometer came away up to zero and we had a snowstorm so thick that I couldn't see my leader pacing at the head of my team. But his towline was fastened by a rope to the back of Leonhard's sled, and the towline of the Icelander's leader was attached to the back of my sled. I wasn't cold, I wasn't uncomfortable. Unlike many experiences that you enjoy more after they're over, that snowstorm was fun while it was going on. I felt perfectly safe, and just warm enough with my canvas wind-parka and Siwash mitts.

The day before the last lap of our journey, I had a wild experience. Leonhard showed me a rod-brake which he had invented, a sharp-pointed steel rod at the rear of the sled, designed to drive through thick snow crust.

"That rod-brake will stop any team in the world," he said, and showed me how easily it worked. "A child could manage that brake," he told me.

I urged him to let me prove its power. And so it happened that I drove off with the Seppala crack team, eleven of the fastest dogs in the world, the famous Togo in the lead. Never in my life have I had a thrill like it! I felt as if I had touched another world. Swiftly we left the other teams behind. The dogs kept going faster and faster.

Then suddenly I noticed that their spurts of speed were peculiar, as if prodded by electric shocks. At the same moment, I saw in the distance a mass of horns. Reindeer! And I had been warned of the terrors of reindeer-chasing with Siberian dogs. They'll chase reindeer to the ends of the earth, I had been told. I was driving the pick of the Seppala team. No one could catch me, and no animal in the world was fleet enough to keep ahead.

The whole horrible situation flashed upon me in a split second. But the brake—that world beating rod-brake! I reached over to press it down. Any child could do it, Seppala had said—but I couldn't! For some reason it wouldn't work. Leonhard had pushed it down with ease, yet I made no impression on it at all.

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"Whoa!" I shouted. "Whoa!" But the dogs were deaf to everything but the reindeer chase.

I clung with both hands to the bow, and put both feet on the center spring brake. The steel teeth scraped on the hard crust, but they did not bite in. Then, to my horror, I saw that we were going over fresh snow, with no sign of a trail, and I knew we were headed for the trackless Arctic wastes. Many things flashed through my mind — especially thought of the beautiful, light, racing sled I was driving, with its polished ivory runners. The dog king was going to use that sled in a race in April—that is, he had been going to use it before he let me take it.

All I could do was keep my feet on the spring-brake, hang on like grim death, and shout, "Whoa! Whoa!"

Then, at the pitch of my greatest terror, the dogs slowed up and—stopped. There was no longer any sign of reindeer. I looked back and saw an inch-wide cut in the snow crust, which told me that the rod-brake had been pushed down all the time. I must have pressed it in, on the first try, but I had been too excited to realize it. I discovered, too, that we were still on the trail, though it was more or less blown over by the wind. Togo had kept the straight trail, but the reindeer had struck off at right angles.

Leonhard came up, grinning amiably.

"Looks as if Togo was having a little sport with you, but I knew he'd keep the trail," he said, as he patted his famed leader.

The next day I gladly drove the slower team as we crossed the glare ice of Norton Sound. It was still bright sunlight when we glided into Nome, on the seventeenth day of our circuitous journey, the end of a thousand mile trail.

Airplanes have supplanted dog teams for speedy travel in Alaska now. I have flown across Alaskan skies, but no airplane has ever seemed to me as fast as Seppala's dogs, on that glorious trip when I raced across Alaska, close to the ground, behind the fastest dog team in the world.

WARTIME CHRISTMAS in CHINA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

How little, then, it seemed like China—fruit cocktail, fish, two ducks, fixings, and pudding with hard sauce and a sauce just like one my mother makes.

As the mock turkey disappeared, it was still not the end of Christmas. In the evening we were invited to a party where we knew there would be another feast. The thought of it seemed too much of a good thing, but we decided to take a walk and get in trim. One of our guests, a young woman T.B. specialist, had been called during dinner, so we all trooped along after her out to the T.B. Sanatorium.

Out beyond the radio station, along a single-file path, over the irrigation ditches, and along the vegetable fields, up a slight knoll—here was an old Chinese farm house that had been remodeled to hold forty patients in its quadrangle of long, low buildings. In the summer I suppose the place is cool and restful with grape arbors. On Christmas it was gay with colored papers; red Chinese characters of the season's greetings were pasted on the walls, paper rosettes tucked in the corners. The doorways were hung with festoons of paper, cut and pasted in intricate patterns. The patients had done it all themselves.

We said hello to one girl who had been in a cast for three years and expected to stay there another. She was an attractive, cheerful young Chinese, the kind of patient that is moved around from room to room to keep the others in good spirits. Her room was a riot of color with the paper festoons, too; and she was especially gay because her fiancé had just been in to see her. It was grand to see such happiness there on our Christmas day.

The walk did us so much good that we actually found ourselves enjoying the plentiful and luscious food of our hostess that evening. Treasures stored up for the occasion had been brought out from the pantry.

We had all pulled our flossiest clothes out of hiding and dressed, the men in dinner coats and the women in evening gowns. Cares dropped from overloaded shoulders for the moment. Professors forgot to worry about

delayed shipments of school supplies being bombed on the road, about keeping the university running efficiently without these supplies, about helping students who were homeless because of the war. Mothers and fathers forgot to worry about how to get their children out of the country to go to better schools in the United States, or Canada, and how to get milk for their younger children when powdered milk supplies couldn't come in. Hugh and I forgot the war-torn country we were there to study. The note of the evening was "have fun."

After supper we had music provided by three Chinese students with stringed instruments. They played lovely soft Hawaiian music at first, then at someone's daring suggestion started swinging it. The good-looking young men, like magic, were no longer Chinese; they were any college youngsters, well tailored and of the Western world. A few of us, caught in the spirit, turned our backs to the fact that we were in a missionary community and danced.

Most of us were of the group which had sung the evening before in the *Messiah*. About ten o'clock our director, a musically inclined Canadian dentist who directed the student glee club and our little choir, came in bursting with news.

The student leaders had just come to him, asking if the whole glee club and the faculty choir could go to Chungking for a three-day performance of singing for the benefit of the children who had been made orphans by the war. They would arrange everything themselves, they said. That was quite an undertaking. They had to get trucks to carry eighty singers down and back, a two-day trip each way; they had to find shelter and food, and rent a big enough hall in Chungking.

We were somewhat dubious about their being able to do it, but were thrilled with the idea. The students had not forgotten in their holiday celebrations that their country was at war and full of need and suffering. Many of them knew from recent experience the sufferings of refugees; all of them had seen bombs hurtle from the sky, making thousands

homeless. On the day of good will, Christmas, their thoughts naturally turned to sharing their own good fortune with others. When the *Messiah* performance went well, they decided that their singing would be just the thing to raise funds.

A glimpse into the beginning of the new year would have seen a successful trip. The students managed to find some military trucks which were going down to Chungking empty, and they bargained to pay for gasoline to bring them back. They secured the use of a deserted hospital for housing quarters and a good rate at a restaurant run by the government; and they hired a large movie house for the performance.

I went on this trip with them. It was like the outing of any American college. We sang on the way—some Chinese songs, but mainly American ones, college cheers, Southern favorites, and rounds. I remember I taught them "*John Brown's Baby Had a Cold Upon Its Chest*" with gestures. The attitude of the students, talking and joking among themselves, was one of easy freedom, with little of the restraint usual when Chinese boys and girls get together. The student leaders did a good job of advertising the performances, the singers gave a good show. That glimpse into the new year would have seen them counting the profits—seven thousand Chinese dollars—which they proudly presented to Madame Chiang Kai-shek for her orphanages.

We discussed the possibilities of this trip until twelve on Christmas night. Our good nights and final Christmas greetings were said amidst the flurry of anticipation which the discussion had caused.

Outside, the carolers were still singing and the lighted Christmas trees by the Administration Building were still twinkling. I felt almost as if they were saying, "You see, China Christmas was fun, wasn't it?" And I silently answered, "Yes, and see what we still have to look forward to!" As we turned into our house, the carolers' "Noël, Noël" still rang in our ears.

GILDICKON PLAYS A CHRISTMAS PRANK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

singing that old wassail song. "What luck!" thought Gill, who had a queer way of reasoning. "This is my chance to set right that silly mistake." Before the verse had ended he had formed a plan.

Down the street he could see the tall colored windows of a church, and near it loomed the gray bulk of the parish buildings. The boys were standing before the rectory. Al-

though every window was alight with a Christmas candle, no one came to look out, or to throw money to the singers.

Gill sprang to a snowy window sill and peeped inside. The room was the Rector's study, and two men sat before an open wood fire in easy chairs, the Rector and the Organist. They were listening to a Christmas concert on the radio.

"So that's it," said Gill, and squeezed under the window frame. In a trice he was inside the radio, messing about. "I don't understand these contraptions," he thought, yanking at a wire. The concert stopped with a wail.

"What can be the matter?" exclaimed the Rector. "I have just had it put in order, with new tubes and everything."

The Organist held up his hand. "Listen!

Someone is singing outside." He went to open the window. "One of those boys has a fine voice."

The singers, delighted at being noticed at last, sang louder.

"Good ale, good ale, good ale, good ale,
"For our Blessed Lady's sake, bring us
in good ale."

The Rector came to the window, too. He was an antiquarian and an authority on religious music. "Interesting," was his comment. "They are singing a very old carol. 'Tydings True,' I think it is called, but I have never heard those words."

The Organist continued his own train of thought. "We need more sopranos for the boys' choir. I think that voice is worth following up."

"Let us have them in," suggested the Rector. "I should like to ask them about that song."

So the boys were brought into the study, where they stood scuffling their snowy shoes on the Oriental rug and staring at the handsome and strange things around them, for the Rector was a collector of antiques.

He began questioning. "Where did you learn that curious song?"

The boys did not know if the gentleman was pleased or not, so they quickly put the blame where it belonged. "He taught it to us," they said, pointing to the smallest of the crowd. It was the boy with the voice. He had fair hair and blue eyes.

"A pure Anglo-Saxon type," thought the Rector. "Unusual these days. What is your name?" he asked.

"Eddy," said the boy. "Edward Oswald."
"Just as I thought. A good old English name. Where did you learn the song?" he asked.

"My grandfather taught it to me," said the boy.

"Your grandfather? Do you know where he got it?"

"No, I don't, but he always used to sing it at Christmas. He called it the wassail song."

"I would not be surprised," said the Rector, "if this were an authentic old folk song, handed down by word of mouth. I know that tune is genuine to the last note."

"It is quite possible, no doubt," agreed the Organist, who was more interested in the boy's voice than in the song. "How would you like to sing in our choir?" he asked Edward. "You would be taken into the choir school and get a fine musical training along with your regular education."

Edward said he would like it all right, if his father and mother were willing.

That was soon arranged. The father and mother were glad to have him so well provided for. They were not overrich and had half a dozen other children to take care of. "As long as Eddy is happy," said his mother. "If he gets homesick, he can come back to us."

So Edward Oswald was established in the church choir school, and Gildickon congratulated himself on settling the old score. He would have gone off about his other business except for one thing. His quick eye had noted among the curios in the Rector's study an old iron lantern—the same identical lantern that those strolling players had carried so long ago. "Fancy that unlucky object turning up again!" Gill grumbled. "It made trouble once, and it may again." Gill, like some other people, was always glad to share the blame for his misdeeds. "I'll stay on a bit and see what happens," he decided.

So he settled himself in the choir school along with Eddy. It suited him. "Not necessary for me to live up this place," he thought. "It's as lively already as a pocketful of fleas." The boys had to study and practice and rehearse, to be sure, but the choir-master believed in sports and games and hiking. There was no possible cause for Eddy to be unhappy, and he wasn't. The months rolled around pleasantly and uneventfully in the choir school.

Gildickon was quite easy in his mind until Christmastime came around again. The choir began rehearsing Christmas music. Listening to the age-old chants, Gill's mind drifted back to the days in the monastery and his stupid blunder. "I'll watch my step from now on," he thought.

On Christmas Eve, Eddy and the other boys were set to decorate the school and the parish house and the rectory with wreaths and ropes of holly. They sang and shouted together, and talked happily of the holiday they had been promised after Christmas. As darkness came on, they ran about putting candles in all the windows. The Rector liked to keep the old Christmas customs.

"There is one more window up in the tower," said Eddy at last. "I'm going to put a light there."

"But we have no more candles, or candlesticks," the other boys objected.

"I know where there is one," said Eddy. He was downstairs and back in an instant, triumphantly swinging the old iron lantern. Gill, who was hanging about enjoying the fun, gave a groan. "I must get rid of that hateful thing," he thought, "before it makes mischief."

"The Rector doesn't like us to touch his old things," said one of the big boys cautiously, but Eddy paid no heed. He galloped up the stairs to the tower, followed by the other boys. Then he lit the stump of candle that was wedged in the socket of the old lantern, and climbed on a chair to reach the window, high in the wall.

As he leaned on the wide sill to steady the lantern, the chair shot from under him. He fell forward, his head and arms smashing through the windowpane. Somehow or other—and Gill could have explained it—the lantern went flying out. It was crushed to bits on the pavement, six stories below. Edward picked himself up, miraculously unhurt.

"You will have to tell the Rector," said the other boys. "We told you not to touch that lantern."

As might be expected, the Rector was distressed at the loss of his lantern, a priceless fifteenth century antique, the pride of his collection.

"I'm sorry," Eddy said. "I didn't mean any harm."

"Boys are so undependable," sighed the Rector. "You've been told a hundred times not to touch those things. To teach you a lesson, Eddy, you will have to give up your holiday and sing for the Honeymoon wedding the day after Christmas. They wanted a solo of some kind, but I did not like to ask any of you boys to do it. This settles the matter."

So Edward lost his holiday, and was miserable. Since he could not go home, it was the one thing he wanted to do. "Shucks," thought Gill, "I have put my foot in it again."

Next morning, in the big Christmas service, Eddy could hardly sing for crying. In a front pew he could see his father and mother and a whole row of brothers and sisters, all crowded in and beaming with pride to see their Eddy up in the chancel. Afterward they



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came around to the choir room to see him. He got no sympathy.

"You should worry," exclaimed his mother. "What is one little holiday? It's a great honor to be chosen, out of all these boys, to sing at that grand wedding."

His father was delighted. "Keep right on like you are going, Son, and some day you will get there."

THE day after Christmas all the other boys went joyfully off for their holiday, and Edward was left behind. The Organist was arranging a beautiful voluntary as a prelude to the wedding, and the Rector suggested that Edward should sing a carol or two in honor of the Christmas season.

"Have him sing 'Tydings True.' That is one of the loveliest old carols, and he knows the music. All he'll have to do is learn the words."

Eddy spent the morning studying. "Noël," instead of "good ale." "Tydings true there be come new," and so on till he knew the song perfectly; but the music had made him think about his grandfather and his home, and he was more unhappy than ever.

The Organist was cheerful. "The boy really has a glorious voice," he told the Rector, "and he looks like a little angel with his wistful eyes and golden hair. He will do us credit."

Miss Honeyman's wedding was in the afternoon. The church was beautiful with the Christmas decorations and the people all in their best clothes. The carol solo was to come just before the wedding march, and everyone was feeling excited and happy, as people do at weddings; everyone except

Edward, who was feeling homesick and sad.

He opened his mouth to sing, but his mind was not on what he was doing. "Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël," he began mechanically, and then he forgot all the new words and slipped back into the old song as he had known it ever since he could remember. "Bring us in no brown bread, for that is made of bran!"

On he went, singing his best. It sounded beautiful, but the Organist was aghast. He tried to play louder to drown out the rowdy words, but Edward's clear young voice rose strong and high above the music. It was a magnificent solo and it started the wedding with a bang, as one of the young ushers remarked.

The Honeymans and all their important friends seemed to notice nothing odd about the selection, but that was Gildickon's doing. He had ways of his own of diverting attention, and something told him this was an occasion to use them. He did more. He joined the wedding party afterward.

At the reception he paid particular attention to old Mr. Honeyman, the father of the bride, a gentleman of great wealth and generous feelings. A few subtle hints, skillfully planted by Gill in the guise of a wedding guest, produced an instant response.

It was late when Gill got back to the rectory. The Rector and the Organist were in the study, discussing Eddy's disgraceful performance.

"Was it spite," the Organist was saying, "because we took away his holiday?"

"I don't think so," said the Rector. "He says he was thinking of his grandfather."

"A fine way to think of your grandfather!" exclaimed the Organist. "If he hadn't the best voice we have ever had in the choir, I'd be almost inclined to put him out."

"Let's not be hasty," begged the Rector. "Perhaps no one noticed. In fact, one or two people spoke to me about the beautiful music."

The telephone rang. The butler who answered the phone said it was Mr. Honeyman to speak to the Rector.

"Mr. Honeyman!" gasped the Organist. "He's probably going to say he has been insulted."

But it was nothing of the kind. Mr. Honeyman was calling to compliment the Rector on the efficient way the service had gone. He praised the excellent organ music, and he wanted to know something about the boy who had rendered that beautiful solo. Several of his guests had spoken of it, had said the boy had a remarkable voice. Mr. Honeyman wondered if the young singer needed help or a patron in realizing a career. He felt, now that he was growing older and his daughter was married, that he wanted to spend his time and money helping ambitious and talented youngsters to get along. A boy with a voice like that had a great future, he was sure.

When he had hung up the receiver, the Rector turned to the Organist with a smile. "You see," he said gently, "no harm has been done. On the contrary, Eddy has made a friend worth having. It has all turned out for the best."

"Whew!" thought Gildickon, with a sigh of relief. "That was a ticklish business, but I guess I can call accounts square this time."

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES—GARI MELCHERS, 1860-1932

CARVED in stone over the entrance to the studio of Gari Melchers at Egmond-aan-Zee, in Holland, were the words, *Wahr und Klar*—Truth and Clarity, the guiding principles of his life and work. But Melchers, contrary to popular belief, was not a Dutchman, but an American. His father, a German sculptor, had come with his wife from Westphalia to settle in Detroit, and their son was born there, in 1860. The boy knew no indecision in choosing his career, for his single ambition was to be a painter. Julius Melchers was sympathetic towards his son's ambition, supporting and encouraging him in every way. At seventeen young Gari was sent abroad to study. His conservative parents, distrustful of the gayety of Paris, stipulated, however, that Germany must be his destination. So it was at Dusseldorf, under von Gebhardt, that the young student received his grounding in draughtsmanship and the fundamentals of painting.

At the end of three years, having done nothing to distinguish himself above his classmates, he quietly moved to Paris to enter the Julian Academy. He studied also at the Beaux Arts, and with Boulanger and Lefebvre, and felt the influence of the French Impressionists, sharing their interest in light and high, clear color. Two years later, when he was only twenty-two, his picture, "The Letter" (painted in Brittany and now owned by the Corcoran Gallery), a canvas showing the distinguishing characteristics of his art—love of color, keen observation, powerful characterization, and able handling of light—was accepted by the Paris Salon.

The young man was a good linguist, at ease in English, German, French, and Dutch. His abounding health, optimism, and generous, sympathetic nature contributed to the sanity and clarity of his painting and made him a much-sought and well-liked companion. He enjoyed the gayety of his early Paris years, and his wide circle of friends included the eminent painter, Puvis de Chavannes, and the composer, Saint-Saëns.

On his return from a short visit to America, Melchers planned to go to Italy, but, being warned of an outbreak of cholera, he went instead to Holland. The simple family life of the picturesque Dutch peasants, the changing play of light in the low, sea-girdled Netherlands, the straightforward, realistic quality of Dutch painting, were so congenial to his art that he purchased a small house and studio at Egmond-aan-Zee. Here he led a quiet hard-working existence, exhibiting at various European

shows those sincere interpretations of Dutch life which, for many years, caused him to be mistaken, even by his own countrymen, for a Dutch painter.

Later it was his habit to maintain studios in various well-loved places, and his friends never knew where to reach him, while his mail followed him about from place to place. He was only twenty-eight when he sent four pictures to the Paris International Exposition, and, in characteristic fashion, went off on a sketching trip, not even opening his mail for several days after his return. Then he discovered that he had shared with John Singer Sargent one of the two awards given to the American section.

Important museums began to buy his pictures; awards and honors came thick and fast. When Melchers was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1895, Puvis de Chavannes pinned his own cross with its faded ribbon on the younger artist's lapel. The Emperor of Germany awarded him the Order of St. Michael of Bavaria. Before he was forty, he had a world reputation.

When the artist was forty-three he married Corinne Lawton Mackall, and, a few years later, accepted the important post of professor of painting at the State Academy of Art at Weimar, Germany. He lived there until the outbreak of the World War, then came back to America.

His own country was slow in bestowing upon Gari Melchers those honors which had been showered so prodigally upon him abroad, but after his return he was elected, in rapid succession, to the National Academy of Design, the National Institute of Art and Letters, and the American Academy of Arts and Letters. In 1916 he and his wife bought Belmont, a Colonial estate near Falmouth, Virginia. The Virginia scene became the subject of many of the artist's paintings, and the State is indebted to him for the fine work he did, as a member of the Virginia Art Commission, until his death in 1932.

Gari Melchers worked mainly with figure compositions, keenly observed and realistically portrayed. He combined a wholesome modernity with a sincere regard for the enduring values of the past. So devoid of struggle was his calm, uniformly successful life that his continued progress and growth is perhaps due to his often expressed belief that "nothing matters in this world to the painter but a good picture—and no matter how good a one you do, you have only to go to the galleries to see how many better ones have been done."—M. C.

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Are You Interested in Home Economics? Oct. 17

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